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CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW SERIAL.

WE publish in this number the Third Journey of "THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER"—being a Report, by CHARLES DICKENS, on Sunday Preaching in Theatres. We need hardly add that it fully sustains Mr. Dickens's world-wide popularity.

We continue in this number our serials, to wit:

1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS, with McLENAN's illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

2. THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., an exquisite Story of American Life, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, illustrated by McLENAN—commenced in No. 159.

3. THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE, by ELLA RODMAN — another charming Tale of Country Life in the United States —with HOMER's illustrations—commenced in No. 164.

On or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. The foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

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SENATOR HUNTER OF VIRGINIA.

ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, a United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Essex County, in the eastern part of that State, on the 21st of April, 1809. His ancestors were among the first settlers in that fertile region, which lies on the southern bank of the River Rappahannock, formerly frequented by European vessels, which brought supplies of goods in exchange for tobacco. Here the Hunter family, generation after generation, successfully cultivated their estate; nor do we learn that any of them occupied public positions until James Hunter (the father of the subject of this sketch) was elected a Member of the State Legislature. He gave his son Robert a liberal education; and the young man, after having graduated at the University of Virginia, studied law with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, of Winchester, the author of several legal works, and a prominent politician in his time.

In 1830 Mr. Hunter was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in his native county, where, in 1832, he cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He, however, espoused the cause of State Rights, in the attempt made by the Administration to coerce South Carolina, and was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates by the opposition in 1834. He served three years, and took a high stand as an independent, original legislator, opposing the Administration in its hostility to "nullification" and its exertions to "expunge" a resolution on the records of the Senate; yet sustaining the veto of the United States Bank and the efforts to abolish the "American system" of protective tariffs.

In 1837 Mr. Hunter was elected to the Twenty-fifth Congress as a Representative from his native District; and although he acted with those States-Rights Whigs who had supported Judge White for the Presidency, he zealously opposed a United States Bank. In an able speech, which displayed his intimate acquaintance with financial matters, he expressed his earnest desire to relieve the country from the pecuniary distress then paralyzing industry and arresting progress. "I might," said he, "perhaps escape responsibility by declaring that, as I had nothing to do in producing the present distress, so I was bound to do nothing toward restoring things to a sounder condition. Sir, I scorn the excuse. I think I see something which may be done for the good of the country, and I am willing to share the responsibility with those who will attempt it. In taking my course I form no new connections, I make no alliances; I act as I was sent here to act. I legislate not for party, but for the good of our common country. I tread all personal and party considerations in the dust when they present themselves in competition with the most important interests of the people." The course thus marked out early in life Mr. Hunter has consistently pursued; neither has he been found alternately advocating and opposing the great financial or commercial measures which have divided the country—leaving one party to step into another at a critical moment, and grasp the honors of victories already won by those who had been his opponents. His constituents appreciated his ability and his integrity, which they indorsed by a re-election.

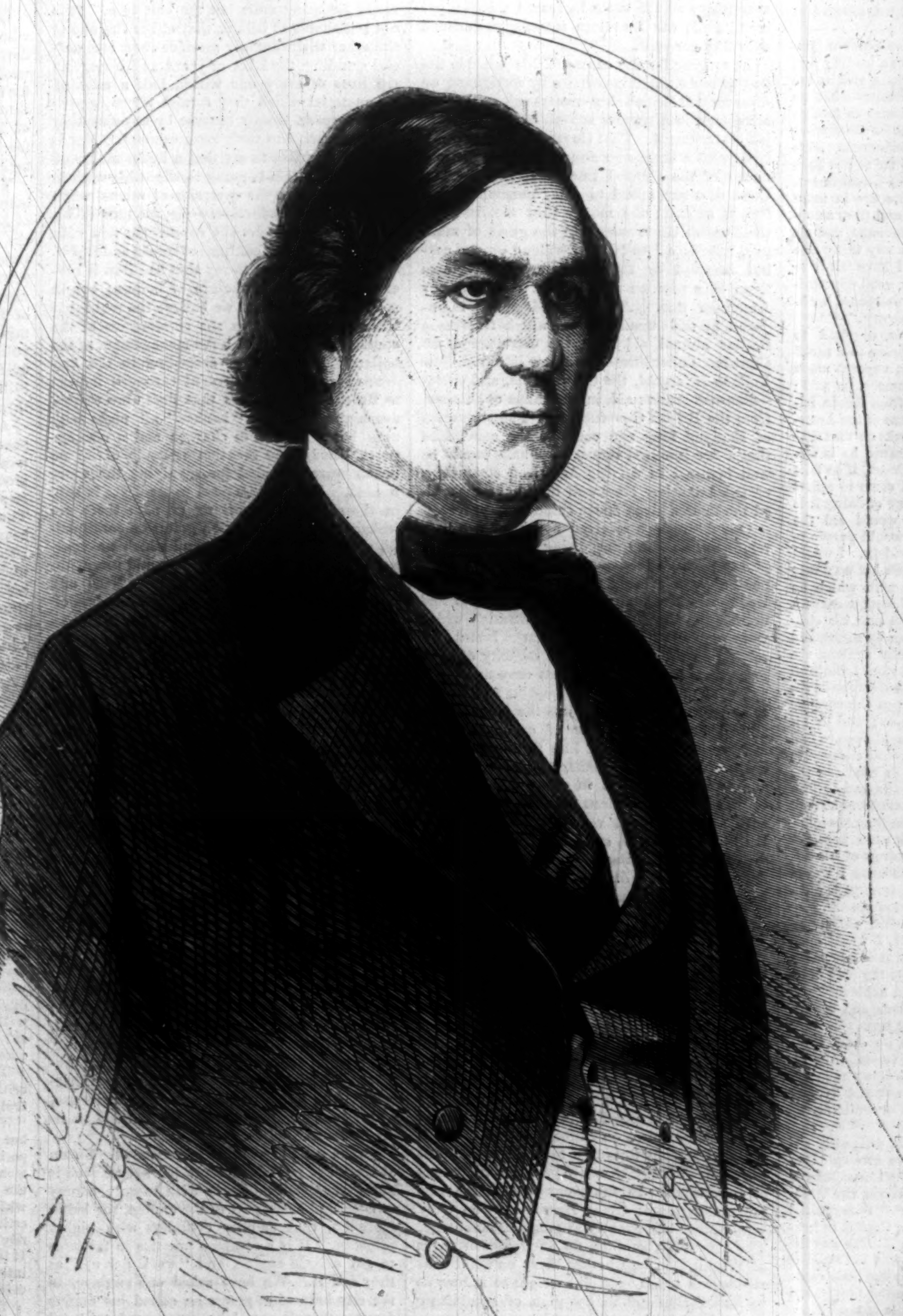
When the Twenty-sixth Congress met the organization of the House was delayed by the first of the four memorable contests for the Speakership which have occurred during the past twenty years, and there is a curious connecting link between the first and the last. When the House met, on the 2d of December, 1839, five gentlemen presented themselves as representatives from New Jersey, which then elected by "general ticket," and exhibited their certificates, bearing the "broad seal" of the State and the signature of its Governor, William Pennington.—The seal and the signature were alike repudiated after a stormy debate; and on the 16th of December Mr. Hunter was elected Speaker by three majority.

Mr. Hunter was thus called on to preside over the House of Representatives during the troubled close of the Van Buren administration, and so discharged his arduous duties as to receive a unanimous vote of thanks at the expiration of the term.

Re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. Hunter found himself one of the minority combating the measures introduced by the Whigs after their triumphant election of President Harrison. Bank, bankrupt, tariff, and loan bills were opposed by Mr. Hunter with equal zeal; and during the last session he aided in repealing one of these measures—the bill for the relief of bankrupts, passed at the first session.—His opposition to a National Bank was, however, used against him with effect during the next canvass, and he had the disadvantages arising from a change in the boundaries of his district—his competitor defeating him by a small majority.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844 Mr. Hunter warmly advocated the election of James K. Polk, and was himself successful as a candidate for the House of Representatives. He cordially supported President Polk in the difficulties with England on the Northwestern boundary and in the prosecution of the war with Mexico. On the introduction of the "Wilmot Proviso" he opposed it, and has since been the uncompromising opponent of the party then formed, now known as the Republican.

Elected in 1846 a Senator of the United States from Virginia, he took his seat in December, 1847, and was placed on the Committee of Finance,



HON. ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

of which Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, was Chairman. There has not, from that day to the present time, been a prominent question before the Senate which he has not—clearly, briefly, and emphatically—given his views upon. He has made but comparatively few long speeches, but has left the impress of his intellect upon nearly every subject debated. Ever ready to maintain the rights of Virginia, and to sustain the honor of the South, it has nevertheless been truly said of him that he has distinguished himself for that nationality of character which comprehensively grasps the future and the present; and which, divesting itself of local and of sectional prejudices, seeks so to legislate as to increase the prosperity of the Union.

In 1849 Senator Hunter succeeded Senator Dickinson as Chairman of the Committee of Finance—a responsible position, which he has since held. One of his earliest acts was to advocate the establishment of a branch mint in the city of New York, in acknowledgment of which important service a large body of citizens tendered him a public dinner. In declining it, on account of pressing engagements at home, he set forth the position taken by Great Britain in contending for the empire of trade and the supremacy of the seas, and declared that if Brother Jonathan is to enter the contest New York must take the lead. "She is," said he, "already giving evidence that she accepts her destiny, and is preparing for the conflict. Her lines of magnificent steamers, if they do not girdle the earth, at least spangle the oceans in more directions than one; her commercial enterprise and ambition are world-wide in their extent. In such an undertaking as this may all good omens attend and all success reward her. In such a struggle she has the right to expect the aid of every American legislator. She may justly demand all proper facilities for commerce, the whole machinery of trade, a mint within her limits, a warehousing system adjusted to her wants, and whatever legislation may be necessary to enable her to maintain a free commercial competition with the rest of the world. The very creation of such an emporium as New York would then become would be eminently conservative of peace abroad and harmony at home; for all its vast interests would be staked to some extent on the peace of the world, and wholly upon concord at home."

As Chairman of the Committee on Finance Senator Hunter has been obliged to take a leading part in the discussion of all tariff questions, and he has adhered strictly to his original position—that no more money ought to be raised off duties on foreign imports than would be just sufficient for the support of the Government honestly administered. This has prompted him to keep down, so far as has been in his power, the expenditures of the Government. "I think," said he, last year, "we are in more danger from an increased taxation, and from a contest in regard to a high tariff and revenue, and all those questions, than we are from any thing else just now; and, under that belief, I have felt it to my duty to vote even against some good appropriations if I believed they could be postponed without any serious detriment to the country."

Senator Hunter is not, however, disposed to cripple American industry by adhering to a tariff policy calculated to depress it. In a speech made last year, in reply to Senator Simmons, he said: "But, Mr. President, the Senator from Rhode Island made an appeal to us in the name of the American laborer; and whenever he speaks on that subject he moves my sympathies, because he is eloquent and sincere; he touches my heart, if he fails to convince my head; but when I come to reflect coolly upon it, I find that my theory of doing it is very different from his. I, too, would aid the American laborer. The paths we would pursue to reach the same end diverge most widely. I would cheapen the axe with which he hews his way into the forest; the hoe and the plow with which he wrings from the reluctant grasp of mother earth a hard-earned subsistence for his wife and his children; the blanket which covers him by night, and the coat which shields him by day against the storms and the rigors of winter. I would diminish the price of the bolt with which the sailor fastens the side of his ship together, and cheapen the cordage which holds the spars in their places; and by all justifiable means in my power I would open to him every port upon all the seas. I would cheapen to the manufacturer the tools which he used and the clothes which he wore; I would cheapen to him the sugar that sweetens the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates;' and I would relieve him from the sense of dependence for his subsistence upon bounties to be extracted from the hard earnings of his fellow-laborers. I would extend, because I would cheapen the cost of making, that iron path upon which our citizens of every degree are speeding by day and by night in pursuit of their objects of pleasure or of profit. In short, Sir, I would open wide the door to the self-development of American industry, and leave it free to pursue the bent of its own genius; and if it did not then achieve whatever is grand and useful, or curious and beautiful in art, the fault would not rest upon the want of proper opportunity, but upon its own incapacity. For myself, I am willing to abide the result. I do not distrust the capacity of my countrymen to do as much as has been effected by any other nation in founding empires or building up industrial systems."

While Senator Hunter has been diligently engaged at Washington others have attempted to supplant him in the affections of the Democrats of Virginia, but without success. When the "Mother of Statesmen and of Presidents" inaugurated the proud monument erected at her Capitol in honor of George Washington, Senator Hunter was the orator selected, and truly grand was his finished and philosophical production. He has been again re-elected to the Senate of the United States, and is undoubtedly the chosen candidate of the Virginian Democrats for President.

In person Senator Hunter is not a brilliant man. Grave and sincere, the expression of his countenance is peculiarly quiet and subdued—often languid and indifferent. His hair is jet black, and his complexion is swarthy. His form is compact, and there is an intimation of slowness and apathy in his movements; if he has passions they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of internal fire. His attire is careless; his manners are frank and cordial. No suspicion or taint has ever clouded his political career; no flock of lobby harpies flock around him; and he is evidently disposed to be governed by the dictates of his own conscience rather than by the edicts of a caucus. In short, he is the impersonification of that great truth proclaimed by Mr. Jefferson in the address which he drew up for presentation by Virginia to George the Third: "The true art of governing is the art of being honest; and to acquire that does not need the advice of many counselors."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

SUBVENTIONS TO OCEAN STEAMERS.

UNANSWERABLE statistics show that the sceptre of the seas, which ten years ago was nearly ours, is again passing into the grasp of England. The steam navy of England is driving not only our sailing-vessels, but our steamers also from the Atlantic Ocean. The operation is gradual, but steady. In the year 1857, out of forty-two steamers plying between this country and Europe, eleven were American, and thirty-one English, French, or German; in the year 1859, out of forty-six steamers plying regularly across the Atlantic, only five were American and *forty-one* were foreign. In other words, in two years the steam service across the Atlantic increased ten and a half per cent.; but in the same period the foreign steamships on the route increased thirteen per cent., while the American steamships declined over fifty per cent.

In seeking for the causes of this palpable defeat of our steamship-owners by foreigners, we discover that British ship-owners enjoy a marked advantage in a regular subvention by the British Government. That Government sagaciously devotes a large sum annually to the maintenance of the Cunard line of steamers. The Cunarders can afford to carry passengers and freight at cost; the money they receive from the English Government, in the guise of mail-pay, affords a handsome dividend on the capital invested by their owners. This places them in a position far superior to that of any American line. A similar advantage is enjoyed by the Canadian line, which receives a similar annual aid from the Government of Canada. Other lines—the screw line from New York to Liverpool, the Galway line, and others—likewise receive aid, in one shape or another, from the British Government. The statesmen of England long ago came to the conclusion that a few hundred thousand pounds would be well invested in driving American steamships off the Atlantic. How well they have succeeded the figures given above sufficiently prove.

Our steamships received nothing but a bare remuneration for transporting the mails from port to port. There was a time when Congress paid a large subsidy to the Collins steamers. Unhappily Mr. Collins and his associates had neither the sagacity nor the moderation which were requisite to retain the boon Instead of relying on the patriotism and sagacity of Congress, it is loudly asserted that they undertook to buy up members and newspapers; and, as was to be expected, the result was the loss of their annual grant. An odor of corruption and roguery hung round the line to the day of its death. It was badly managed, badly officered, and badly engineered in every way. If Mr. Collins had been content with the same allowance as the Cunard vessels receive from the British Government, and if he had forborne to seek that by scheming and intriguing, he would have enjoyed it still, and the line would still have been in existence.

However, we may let by-gones be by-gones. The question is now, shall any thing be done for the salvation of our steam navy? We, in this journal, have always taken the democratic ground that Government subventions to lines of steamers were wrong in principle, as partaking of the fatal protective system. We hold that if the steamship business be good and profitable, our people have enterprise enough to engage in it; if it be not good and profitable, it is waste of time and money to tax the people at large to make it so. But in this case a distinction must be drawn on national grounds. High national reasons forbid us to suffer the dominion of the Atlantic Ocean to pass into the hands of Europeans. In the event of war, the vast preponderance of Great Britain's steam navy would place this country at great disadvantage. The question, therefore, for our representatives at Washington is, whether these national considerations are of sufficient weight to induce us to follow England in her plan of subsidizing lines of Atlantic steamers, so long as she perseveres in that policy?

We can not but think that Mr. Dallas—whose presence at the Court of St. James has been thus far purely ornamental—might render a good service to his country by bringing this subject under the notice of the British Government. If that Government would agree to abandon its present subsidy to the Cunard steamers we ought to let our steamers shift for themselves. But if the British Government perseveres in protecting the great British line, then, if it be of national consequence to us to have an American line, there would seem to be no alternative for this country but to follow the example, unsound as it is in principle.

EXPLOSIONS OF STEAM-BOILERS.

ESSENTIAL as steam is to the development of the industrial, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of this country, recent catastrophes are leading many to regard its drawbacks as almost counterbalancing its advantages. So much property and so many lives are being daily destroyed by explosions of steam-boilers that, if it were impossible to devise proper remedies for such accidents, it would almost become a question whether we had not better dispense altogether with so terrible an agent of mischief. Happily for the cause of mechanical and scientific progress, very few accidents have occurred thus far which can not be legitimately traced to carelessness in some shape or other.

Unscientific jurors are apt, whenever an explosion occurs, to lay the blame on the boiler maker. Undoubtedly some boilers are made of unsound iron, and hanging would be a mild punishment for the miscreants who, for a trifling gain, expose their fellow-creatures to such risks as explosions involve in large cities. But the verdicts which talk of iron being "bright and shiny on the edge," and therefore "apparently rotten," are not always reliable. Boiler makers and manufacturers have the best reasons in the world for using none but the best iron. It is not reasonable to believe that either the one or the other will wantonly sacrifice their commercial standing, the labor of years, and jeopardize the lives of every one within half a mile of the material which they furnish for so important a purpose, simply because by so doing they can add a trifle to their bank account. Nor is it at all plausible to say that a boiler maker of known reputation is going to slight his work in one particular to the exclusion of others, when doubtless his productions—the produce of his skill and capital—dot the country far and wide with their feathery columns of smoke and steam.

We do not mean to say that bad iron is never used in the manufacture of boilers; but in most cases of accident we believe the real cause will be found to lie in the carelessness of the operatives intrusted with the management of the boilers. For instance, according to the evidence given upon the recent coroner's inquest in Brooklyn, it appears that fires were started overnight, and left "banked" all night with none but a fireman in charge; and it also appears (though no mention is made of it) no means were provided for supplying the water needed. Now boilers need water if fire is kept in them, whether working or not; there are leakages and condensation going on continually, which are exhaustive, and which no engineer can foresee, or stop if he could see, without means of running in water. Need any further cause be sought for the terrible loss of life in this case?

Similar instances abound. A case has come to our knowledge in which a blind man, in the State of Massachusetts, ran a locomotive, accompanied by a fireman, with the consent of the superintendent and directors. We can point to places in this city where the proprietors of steam-works know that their boilers are in an unsafe condition, and yet go on every day with a serene calmness, trusting to luck and a boy's supervision; not realizing that they have in their vaults a force which rends bonds of iron and brass as a man a straw. Then, when "misfortune" overtakes them, we have the melancholy farce over again—"bad iron," "no safety-valve," etc., etc.

If our Legislature could spare a few days for the railroad grant and railroad plunder bills which now engross the attention of members, they might do some good by enacting laws imposing heavy penalties on parties owning steam-engines and carrying needlessly-high steam; employing men who are not engineers, but, technically speaking, "stoppers and starters;" overloading their engines; and committing other similar imprudences. Under such restrictions steam would be rendered safer in its use, better in its action, and more profitable to its proprietors.

Steam cylinders should be increased. Steam at sixty-five pounds pressure per square inch is more effective, and works with more economy to each and every part of the engine, the boiler included, than smaller cylinders with higher pressure. It is a common practice in factories to get a little engine, and "work her up," as they call it. We have asked one engineer in the city here what power he called his engine (seeing that it was laboring very hard, and fairly staggering under its load—it was one of 11½ bore and 22 in stroke). "Oh!" said he, "it's about 30-horse." He carried seventy-five pounds steam to the square inch, and thought he was getting 30-horse power out of it! This is but a sample of one from many. Engineers crack on steam as much as they can fairly get; hang on pokers, weights, shaft-couplings, and whatever comes to hand; then, when they finally "work her up," we have the old tragedy over again.

The main evil is, that sufficient attention is not paid to hiring capable men to work engines. If a manufacturer wants a book-keeper, he takes pains to ascertain if he be reliable and honest; but if he want an engineer he takes the first that comes with his certificate, and hires him off-hand, often at so low a rate of wages that no careful, sober, intelligent man would accept the place. There are a few places in the city where good prices are paid to engineers. Now these incompetent and underpaid men are not so much to blame for accidents arising from their want of capacity or inattention as the men who hire them. The former must get a living at some rate or other, and so long as there is a demand for their services there will be plenty of them. There is no lack of engineers in the land; no lack of men who solely and religiously strive to do their duty at any and every personal hazard. But too many owners of steam-power, in this city especially, seek to save a few dollars a month by employing incompetent hands, and the result is—the old story—buildings blown up; unfortunate human beings killed by the score; and, of course, the usual verdict—"Nobody to blame!"

If the Legislature would render it incumbent on the owners of steam-engines in large cities to employ competent engineers, and would render them personally responsible for accidents where they had failed to do so, we might have to record a reform in this important matter.

AN OUTRAGE.

ON Friday last Superintendent Pilsbury, whose portrait we give on another page, tendered his resignation of the office of Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police. His ground for the step is the persistence of Messrs. Bowen, Stranahan, and Mayor Wood—Commissioners of Police—in assuming entire control of the force, and reducing the superintendent to the mere rank of their recording clerk.

This is the first overt act of the new league between Fernando Wood and the Republicans of New York city. The object of both is to use the police in the Presidential election in November next, each (Wood and the Republicans) privately intending to cheat the other when the time comes. The object of the three members of the Police Commission who voted against this outrage is to preserve the police free from politics, and to render them an efficient and useful body. It now rests with Commissioner Stillman—whose casting vote remains to be thrown—to decide which side shall prevail.

At the time the Metropolitan Police Act was passed this journal took the ground that the measure was unsound in principle, and that, in practice, it would merely render the police a Republican instead of a Democratic machine. Thus far, we are bound to say that much has been done by the Commissioners to disprove the latter statement; the police in their hands has undoubtedly proved more efficient than it was before. But now, it seems, the mask is being thrown off; the Republican party want their reward. It rests with Mr. Stillman to decide whether they shall get it, at the cost of police efficiency in this city.

THE LOUNGER.

"WOMAN."

MICHELET has published the sequel to his "Love," which Dr. Palmer has translated, and which will not disappoint any admirer of the first book. It is very difficult to speak of the work as a whole, for, like the other, it is alternately rhapsodical and scientific. And yet he says a great many noble and true things with generous eloquence. The peculiar loveliness of dependent young girls seeking their fortune in great cities, and the terrible dilemma of death or dishonor, which Mrs. Dall so calmly puts in her admirable little treatise, are presented by Michelet with a fullness and force which are startling. It effectually routs the twaddling sentimentality that "women are about as well off as they can ever hope to be." Are men so? And is the position of women in a world where men rule so palpably preferable?

The book has one fatal defect. It is only a criticism, not an experience. The author says truly enough that the sexes are entirely different. "Woman is not lesser man," as Tennyson sings; but this, which is designed as an analysis and exposition of what is most essentially feminine in woman, is written by a man. It is, therefore, only the writer's observation, and not an observation which can be scientifically verified; for it is an estimate of character and nature which is necessarily colored by the individuality of the observer. It is often incoherent and vaguely sentimental, but interests by its frequent shrewd insight and delicate appreciation.

Yet its key-note is the same. "Woman is born to suffer. Every great step of life is to her a wound," says our author. So in the midst of the most glowing passages the thought suddenly obtrudes, "This is not a loyal appreciation of a more exquisite human nature; it is morbid sympathy, it is the pity of superiority, for an invalid."

In fact, Michelet's entire theory of the sexes is not of equality in diversity, but of vigor and dependence. Man is the sun, woman is the flower, living only in his light, forever leaning and yearning toward him. The husband is protector, guardian, father (Michelet says so) of the wife. Has it never entered into the mind of a Frenchman to conceive a woman robust and healthy in body, steady in nerves, profoundly cultivated in mind, calm and candid in soul, simple in manner, and of heart so loving and loyal that sentimental sophistry is impossible? Here are three hundred pages about woman, her life and love and education, and not the slightest recognition of the fact that the utter renunciation of the very thing which he declares to be the especial object of her creation may be her radiant crown of glory. The depth and sweetness and power of human character have been quite as nobly illustrated by the women who have never married as by those who have.

Yet it would be very unfair not to acknowledge the evident honest intention of Michelet to heighten the respect and reverence for women, which seems almost to have died out of Frenchmen, if their literature and their life are truthful witnesses. Of the life, Michelet, himself a Frenchman, and for many years in constant communication with the young men of France, must be taken as a competent witness—more competent than any foreign observer. The literature, however, speaks for itself. Even in George Sand's stories—and Michelet calls her "our great novelist, a woman of wonderful power"—what melancholy portraits we have! Even Consuelo tells lies. Even the best of the heroines are intellectually or morally deformed. George Sand's novels are a chorus of fiery, indignant protest against the place assigned women in the most *débonnaire* and polite of nations. How a Frenchman lifts his hat when a woman passes, and keeps his seat! What is Balzac but the cruelly calm analyst of the woman of an essentially artificial society? Shall I speak of Dumas—of Sue—of Paul de Kock, whom it is not quite decent to mention, but whose scantily-draped stories were the reading of the great middle class of French men and women? Of late he has been somewhat superseded by the younger Dumas, by About, and still more recently by Ernest Feydeau, whose last book every man who respects women will quietly put into the fire, and hold his tongue with shame, indignation, and wonder. Think for a moment how love and women are treated by the men who live and write around him, and you will better understand Michelet's two books. He has not escaped the general infection, indeed. He is too thoroughly French to understand the essential purity of women; but he is too much a man not to feel how unworthy of them are the ideas which prevail around him, and under whose influence he has been educated.

And so he addresses his book to his companions. It is in the high, sentimentally-false key in which they praise women when they praise at all. That he could not help—but it serves to win their ear and attention. Then he curiously mingles fact and science with the weak romanticism of the general strain. That, again, serves to interest them, because France is first in physiological science. The book speaks to a society which freely discusses, even in its lightest and most popular literature, what we do not mention. With all its prodigious plain speaking, therefore, it is not prurient nor indecent. It is a treatise of æsthetic physiology, or physiological æsthetics. It alludes to many facts which have been hitherto hidden in strictly scientific works, but which are no more improper here than there, and which he conceives to be essential to the better education of the French idea and treatment of women. As the public does not read those scientific works, he puts their results in a form that will be read and, as he hopes, heeded. If, he argues, the constantly fresh discoveries of science are to be made generally useful, must they not be generally known? And how can the mass of men and women know unless somebody tells them? If you ask, what is the use of such a book here? the answer is, None at all, if French morality be confined to France.

Michelet's is not the Book of Love or of Woman that a simple, noble man would conceive. The clear, heaven-pure, lark-like strain,

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command,
> And yet an angel still, and bright
> With something of celestial light,"

is unknown to him, with all his "woman is a religion," and his sometimes maudlin raptures and rhapsodies. But it does not follow that it is bad because it is not the best. The worst man would be touched by its naïve appeal. The wisest and healthiest, while he smiled at its grotesque ecstasies, would still feel that it was an honest effort at greater justice in social relations and a truer appreciation of character

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The poets and enthusiasts sigh for the Indian names. Why have we not retained the rich, resonant, musical mouthfuls of nomenclature by which the red men knew the places which they shall know no more? Why was the Classical Dictionary spilt all over Western New York, ludicrously reviving those associations with names which are so poetic and enduring? A New Yorker, for instance, enjoys none of the historic charm of the word Syracuse. It has no full Sicilian flavor in his mind—no gleam for his imagination. It means only a very new and very bustling inland town, which political conventions make hideous two or three times a year. It is the same with Utica. It no longer means Cato and Roman heroism. It only means Bagg's Hotel and twenty minutes for dinner.

As you go westward matters do not mend. You dart in despair through Rome, Verona, Manlius, Syracuse, Canton, Jordan, Savannah, Clyde, Palmyra, Macedon, Rochester, Coldwater, Chili (!), Batavia, and finally alight, saddened and weary, at *Buffalo*. Upon the other road you have Camillus, Marcellus, Auburn, Waterloo, and Geneva. A man who often travels that route necessarily gradually loses the sweet significance of the names. He sees in them no more poetry, no more picturesqueness; for no sane man will contend that any of the towns mentioned are either poetic or picturesque. They are merely hasty stations thrown up by a rapidly advancing civilization.

And in saying that we have touched one of the reasons why they are so grotesquely named. The Indians were very few in number, and their names were necessarily the same. The entire population of New England, when the Pilgrims landed, is estimated to have been only about three hundred thousand; and all over the country they were a spare population. Let us not be unjust. Even along the Central Road the Indian names occur. In the midst of this classic society there are Oriskany, Canastota, Canaseraga, Chittenango (water flowing to the north), Cayuga, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua (the place of laying down burdens). How musical, how memorable these names are! Around them, as around the old English, or German, or Italian, or Greek names, historic associations might grow and cluster. To the American in Rome the name Canaseraga would bring a sweet patriotic thrill, as when, in sooty London streets, the wandering Switzer hears the *ranz-des-vaches*. What emotion would he derive, as he stood in the Coliseum, from hearing of Rome upon the Central Road? Rapt in historic lore, and hearing of a nomination at Syracuse, "Archimides, of course," he answers, musingly.

The tradition is that some good surveyor went about districting the land, and his clerk, who had had "an eddication," consecrated his surveys with names taken from Lemprière. Doubtless they would willingly have taken the Indian names But if there were none, what could they do? One thing certainly was possible. They might have named the townships from the prevailing woods and flowers. Shrub-oak is quite as good a name for a town as Coldwater, which is probably the translation of some French name of the spot. Painted Post, on the Erie road, is a good name Live-oak would certainly have been a preferable name to Buffalo—even if the grand word Ontario had not been at hand waiting to be used. But next to the difficulty of getting a good name is that of getting rid of a bad one. So we shall probably have to bear the names we have. Perhaps Buffalo is just as prosperous as it would be under any other name. But prosperity is not every thing. A rose would smell as sweet if it were called a blood-cabbage; but it wouldn't have so pretty a name. How some of Milton's long, sonorous, refluent lines, made up entirely of names, have a breathless romance in their music! How exquisitely Charles Lamb treats names! What a weird world Edgar Poe created with his "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir" and his "dank tarn of Auber!" Names are things. Suppose Rowena, in "Ivanhoe," had been named Dolly Jerusha, would the story have survived to be, as it now is, the most universally read book in literature?

So if we can not change the old name, we can certainly sin no more.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

If some traveler in the interior of wild lands should tell us that he had found there tribes who humorously insisted upon calling themselves civilized, and who yet forced travelers who were comfortably journeying to cross broad rivers upon the ice at midnight in open sleighs and with the mercury below zero, how we should laugh at the good joke of their supposing themselves civilized, when a good bridge is one of the earliest and most excellent proofs of civilization. Nor has any body forgotten, probably, the universal execration which saluted the "Erie war" a few years since, when the inhabitants of the little town of Erie, upon the famous lake of that name, pulled up the track of a railroad, in revenge for an effort to make the gauge of different roads uniform, that passengers might go on without detention. The people of Erie were not of a temper to behold the coffee, which they had prepared for delayed and wrathful passengers, cooling upon the counter. Not they! If the companies chose to harmonize their tracks at the expense of possible custom for Erie pies and cakes (no pun is here intended), they did it at the risk of having their tracks pulled up about their heels. Those were remarkable events. If the public has forgotten them, the travelers have not. And among them the Lounger, who was turned out of a comfortable seat at night and forced to stumble and plunge through a driving snow-storm with his fellow-passengers, catching a horrible cold by the way. There was one comfort, however. The passengers resolved to abstain utterly from the pies and cakes of the agreeable little town of Erie, and so they did; pushing patiently on until they reached the borders of Christian civilization.

Yet why was it any more intolerable to be turned out of a comfortable car at Erie, to plod on to another train, than it is to be forced to cross the Hudson River at Albany to connect with all the Eastern and Western trains? Even the Gunpowder Creek in Maryland, perhaps two or three times as broad as the Hudson at Albany, is crossed upon piles; but the great current of Eastern and Western travel is stopped and confused at one of its most important points, just the one where there should be every convenience and facility. Whose is the fault? It can not be that of the H. R. R. R., or the Western Railroad, or the Central, or the Northern, the four great lines which concentrate at that point. They gain nothing by the vexation and delay. It can not be the fault of Albany, for in every way the city would gain, as indeed all cities gain by great works of public accommodation. Can it be the wish of the sister city Troy—that quiet, dignified, conservative city? What does Troy gain by it? The profit of sloop-trade? But is not that dearly bought by the execration of representatives of every part of the country, who look up the river indignantly and shake metaphoric fists at the sober little city? Will it not be dreadful that Troy should be chiefly known only as the city which incommodes the great stream of travel; throws snags into it, as it were, upon which if the passengers themselves are not wrecked, their patience is, and certainly their kindly regard for Troy is lost forever?

However, this is supposition only, about Troy. It is a city too intelligent, too refined, too generous, to favor any such dog in the manger policy as this.

A bridge at Albany is not a matter of railroad speculation only, it is an affair of general public benefit. Any thing so awkward, so confused, so troublesome to every person and thing as the present transit, is not to be seen upon any other route in the country. We New Yorkers laugh at the Camden and Amboy institution. Has it any point or practice so barbarous as ours at Albany?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Scene in the Lobby of the Opera House.—Wichard, ole fellah, did you observe how that gurl gazed at my kervat? No, Bwyon, I did not, for there was a sweet cweature in the boxes, whose eyes were positively inverted on my boots all the evening.

One day as Mr. C—— was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion rather loudly, "That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual force of expression, said, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

Strange Wager.—Many whimsical things are done in Paris. A man named Dessanges, who had not money enough, and one Laffarge, who had too much, laid a singular wager. Dessanges bet Laffarge that he would sit upon the parapet of the Pont Neuf from seven in the morning till five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole of the time. He has already been at his post nearly a fortnight, but he is obliged to have a friend by his side to inform those that pass by that he is not making faces at them, but that he is merely doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information, and people as they pass by him say to one another, "Never mind, that fellow is not making faces at us." By this extraordinary wager Dessanges realizes forty francs a day. The crowd increases to such an extent to get a peep at the *grimacier* that it is thought the police will cause his removal.

Having the Advantage.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition, and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put eyes upon before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him: "Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honor it does my heart good to see you once more. How's your family, and the old woman? We haven't seen her this long time! When is she coming down to see my wife?" "I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman; "but indeed, Sir, you have the advantage!" "Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why, really, Sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you!" "Know me!" exclaimed Tom; "well, I don't know you—and I should like to know where the deuce is the advantage?"

"A man is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek."

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars?—Because they live by *hook* or by *crook*.

What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

An artificial florist lately described himself as "*head* gardener to the ladies."

We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six *men* upon the ground and six *misses*.

An original way of answering two questions at a time: "Here, Biddy, my darlint, what's the time o' night, and where's the pertaty pudding?"

"It's eight, Sir."

Call a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.

"Why do you have a fresh one: why don't you have it *cured*?"

A writer, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Celestials are a prudent people—they *mind their peas and cues*.

What is a Friend?—A friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down the hill too fast.

Wanted to know, whether it is a sure sign, when a man slips down in the mud, that he has a *drop* too much.

A good-looking young lady recently entered a dyer's shop, and thus accosted him:

"You are the man that dyes, are you not?"

"No," replied the gallant; "I'm the man that lives; but I'll die for you."

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

Remedy for Fits.—Buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterward.

In Northampton, lately, a hen hatched seventeen chickens from sixteen eggs. Smart biddy that.

"Is that sage cheese of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer.

"No, Sir, not a mite," was the reply.

"What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady.

"Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

The Eye of the Law.—It has become so weak from want of proper practice in the different courts that it is going to advertise for a pupil.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world!" she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

If a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him. He'll never leave you—he'll haunt you; and "in fond remembrance," ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of any thing now, but I have a very rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chip learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

People with morose tempers and sour faces need not wonder that they make so few friends. Even little boys who wish to catch flies know better than to take vinegar for the purpose—they use molasses.

If 4 hound dogs with 16 legs, can catch 29 rabbits with 87 legs, in 44 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 hound dogs with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half?

Answer—

Let the three-legged rabbits, like sensible folks,
Borrow twenty-nine legs from their neighbors.
Then give them a start of a mile and a quarter,
And I'll bet you my hat, if you think that I "oughter,"
That in seventeen minutes—add a half if you please—
A school-girl will give you the answer with ease.

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures" not "men." He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures; and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

In the course of a pending inquiry into the conduct of the matron of an English union work-house, one of the witnesses, of the name of Maguire, was jocularly asked, while under examination, if he was an Irishman. Instantly drawing himself up with an air of wounded pride, he replied, "I am, Sir! I would not deny my country, even if I was a Yorkshireman!" As two or three of the gentlemen present were natives of the latter country, we need scarcely add that the patriotic Hibernian's hit told most admirably.

A traveling gent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a corn-field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?"—"Dad's," was the laconic reply.—"Does your father raise any stock?"—"Ees, lots uv 'em."—"What kind?" continued the stranger.—"Corn-stalks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

One of the Mosquitoes.—"An' so you're going out to the East Indies, my darling Mrs. Marooney," said an old crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in them parts myself, and well do I remember the torment I went through night and day with the muskeatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of you before you can say pease." This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman. The vessel made the Madras Roads; the decks were soon crowded; all hands were delighted at the sight of land, Mrs. Marooney among the rest; but her joy was of short duration, for on shore she perceived an elephant. Horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Lord save us, is *that* a muskeatoe!"

Anecdotes of Dogs.—A certain cattle-dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle-market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on the line, and his movements have been watched; but we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged.—A gentleman's dog having been convicted of sheep-killing, he told a man to shoot him the following morning. The dog was lying in the room at the time, and apparently listening to the conversation. Whether he understood it or not, I will not pretend to determine; but the very first time the door was open he bolted out, and never again came within reach of his old master. This seems rather a stretch of canine intelligence, but it was told to me as a true story, and I am convinced that the relater, who was the master of the dog, believed it himself.

A Scottish Reminder.—An old servant who took charge of every thing that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails you at that ane wi' the green gown?"

The Rev. Dr. Mason stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him,

"Good-morning, Sir—do ministers of the Gospel read such things?"

"Why not, Sir?" said the Doctor; "ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

A young lad had progressed with his "eddykation," under the guidance of a schoolmaster, as far as words of five letters. While under drill, one day, he came upon the word "pipe." "What does that spell?" said the dominie. "Couldn't tell." "Try it again." "P-i-p-e." Still he couldn't pronounce it. "What do people smoke with?" said the master. The boy made no answer, but, with a brightened countenance, commenced once more, "P-i-p-e—cigar!"

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't think, except it's 'cause she wears a large comb in her head."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A doctor detained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply; "I never have rendered him any service."

"I have learned this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock any thing for its greenness."

"Dick, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out—the hair side is the warmest?" "Bah! Tom, don't you suppose the animal knew how to wear his own hide?"

In these days of crinoline the world of fashion is truly "a wide, wide world."

Physicians' prescriptions are now called "death warrants in Latin."

"Raising the wind" is now denominated more classically "exciting the financial Æolus."

"Done it on my own hook" is now rendered "executed the responsibility on my own personal curve."

GENERAL AMOS PILSBURY.

We present in connection with this sketch an excellent likeness of the General Superintendent of Police, Amos Pilsbury. He was born in the town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 8th of February, 1805. He came from a sturdy stock. His grandfather took part in the baptism of blood on the plains of Lexington and slope of Bunker's Hill. His father, Moses C. Pilsbury, was in the war of 1812. He left his small farm and needy family at the call of his country, and remained in the army till the war closed. He was a noble specimen of the Puritan stock—religious, devout, decided in his convictions, bold, and of unflinching integrity. He left home to begin life at ten years of age, with his whole capital in his pocket, consisting of one copper. He carried from his home, what was better than gold, a good name, good principles, a deep religious faith, an indomitable energy, and a confidence that his own right arm would achieve for him a position.

While working on his farm at Londonderry, Moses C. received a letter from the Governor of the State inviting him to Concord. He was tendered the post of Warden in the State Prison. It was a post of honor and emolument. Applicants were numerous. Men of political influence pressed their favorites upon the attention of the Governor. Mr. Pilsbury was not a candidate. He did not desire the new and untried responsibility. He did not feel competent to assume its duties. But the Governor and Council were persistent. All others were passed by, and the modest, distrustful, reluctant farmer was made Warden of the prison. He served in that capacity eight years. He laid the foundation of that fame which can never be lost.

In the prison of Concord Amos entered upon his distinguished career in the month of April, 1824, at the early age of nineteen years. He began on the lowest round of the ladder, and was appointed one of the guards of the prison. But he took his stand at once as a ruler among turbulent men. At that time prisons were as bad as prisons could be. They were schools of dissipation and seminaries of crime. Convicts entered babes in transgression, and came out full-grown men. The cells were noisy with profanity, and reeked with crime and obscenity. All classes, ages, and conditions herded together. The young criminal and the hoary-headed villain, the youth arrested for petty larceny and the bold robber and murderer, dwelt in a common receptacle. Their time was spent in idleness, profaneness, gambling, drunkenness, and all lewdness. What little government there was was the fruit of force. Moral instruction was not attempted. The Bible, prayer, the Sabbath, worship, labor, and solitary cells as a means of discipline and regulation were not thought of.

Faith, patience, and toil produced a change even in the Concord Prison. There was no chapel, but the dining-room was used. The State provided no Chaplain, and the Warden officiated. Each day the men filed in to their meals. The Warden appeared at the head of the table, read a portion of the Word of God, and offered prayer, before any one was allowed to taste his food. This was a part of the discipline of the prison. His deep religious faith was his hiding-place of power which gave him such command over men. At the expiration of eight years the Warden left the Concord Prison one of the best regulated in the land.

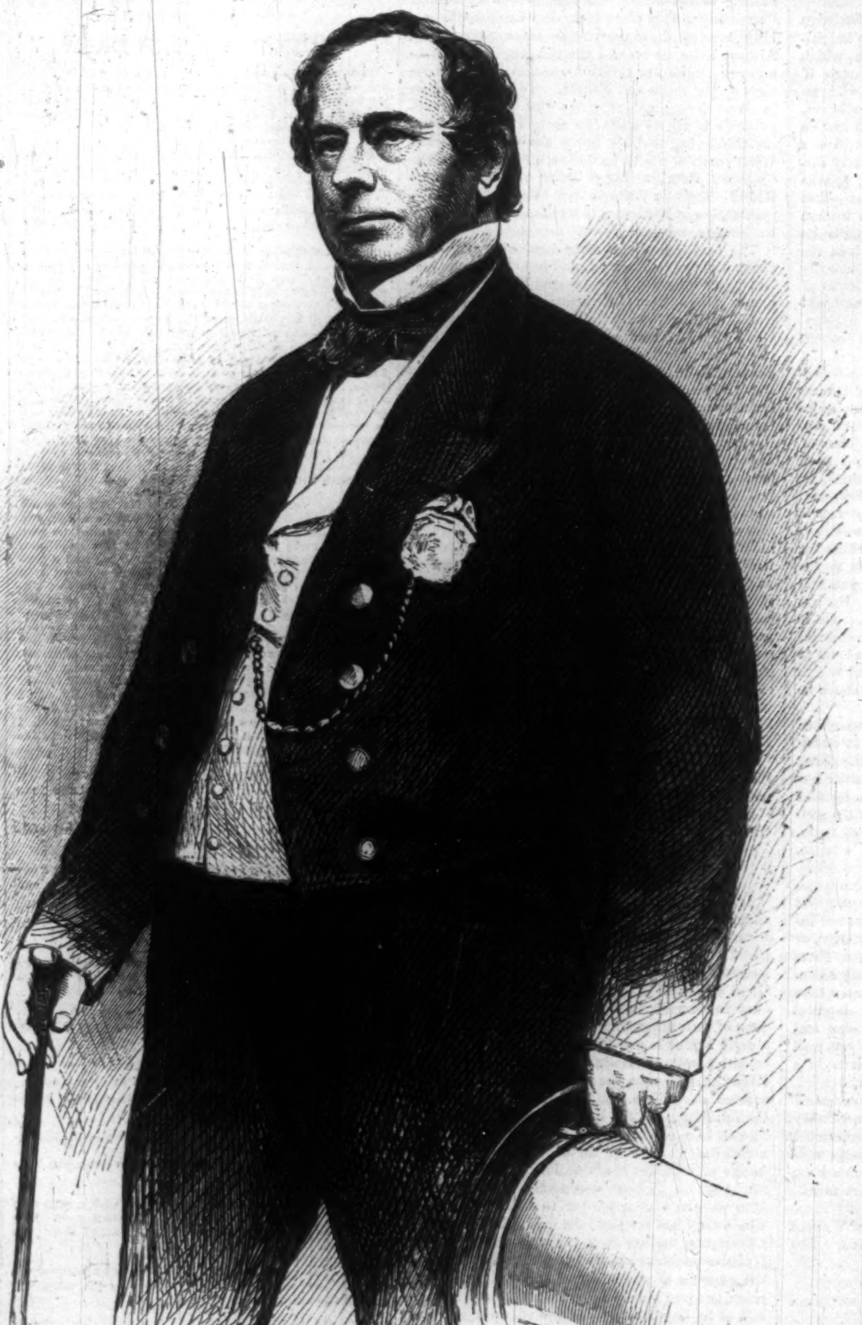
In the year 1827 Amos Pilsbury was appointed Deputy Warden of the new State Prison at Weathersfield, Connecticut. His father was Warden, having been appointed in the month of July, in the same year. At that time Connecticut could boast of one of the worst prisons in the land. The State prisoners were confined in the copper mines at Symsbury. Their cells were seventy feet below the surface of the earth—deep, dark, damp, gloomy pits. Into this receptacle the convicts were lowered to sleep, and from it they were brought up every day for work. They were made secure by a heavy chain on their ankles. The chain was not removed by day or night until the convict was borne to his burial or was discharged. And the number and weight of his chains depended upon the conduct of the prisoner. From this prison one hundred as hardened, desperate, and defiant men as were ever seen together were to be conducted to their new home at Weathersfield. They had been hardened by crime and hardened by imprisonment. They knew what it was to be infamous—to drag a heavy chain day and night—to feel it gall their limbs in their downsitting and their uprising, at work and at play—they knew brutality, abuse, curses, blows, violence, sharp cold, and keen hunger. They knew nothing of humane discipline, kindness tempering severity. The young Deputy Warden was charged with the removal of the men from Newgate. He marched them down in admirable order. The rare power of controlling men, which has made his name famous for thirty years, was exhibited in his control over these hardened men. Inside the prison walls at Weathersfield the convicts were formed into line. Without weapon of defense or protection the young Warden struck the chains and fetters from the limbs of the convicts. These degrading and galling tokens of servitude had been worn by some of them for ten years. The astonished convicts were told that chains and fetters would form no part of the new discipline. Long habits of herding together without discipline or subordination—with all the bad traits of character sharpened, and licentious habits cultivated—the new system was regarded by many as hazardous, if not fool-hardy. But the young Deputy was conscious of his power over the desperadoes in the prison-yard, who were unchained for the first time for years. But the men were as orderly as if they were visitors and not convicts. Each man was told his duty. The discipline of the prison was explained. He was shewn his neat and clean cell. He was informed that his comfort would depend upon his own conduct.

The prisoners had not seen the Warden. They were drawn up into a line to receive him. He was a man not far from fifty years of age—a plain, farmer-like looking man. He was unarmed, and carried the Bible under his arm. He came into the presence of the prisoners, and thus addressed them:

"Prisoners,—I come to you with the sword of Justice and the olive-branch. Which will you have? For the government of my own family I read daily from the Bible, and ask the blessing of God on them. I shall do the same with you."

Amidst profound silence, while the tears started from eyes not accustomed to weep, he read that portion of the Word of God which asks this significant question, "Who maketh us to differ?" He followed the reading by a brief, touching, and affecting prayer. And so the new discipline was inaugurated. The scene was worthy of the pencil of the great artist. The new prison—one hundred ungovernable and desperate men—chains and fetters struck from their limbs lying on the pavements by their side—a mere youth by their side controlling them—an aged man with no weapon of defense but the Word of God, amidst profound silence commending those neglected men to that Redeemer who, in the days of his flesh, had commanded his disciples to visit the prison. The question of discipline was settled from that moment. No insubordination was seen. The government was as perfect the first week as it was after the lapse of years.

In April, 1830, General Pilsbury was elected Warden of that prison on the resignation of his father. He was a young man—too young, many thought, for so important a post. But it was soon apparent that the mantle of the sire had worthily descended upon the son. For order, discipline, and economy the Weathersfield prison became the model prison of the land. Its fame extended to Europe. Men made pilgrimages to it to learn the secret of its prosperity. To support the old Newgate prison, from 1810 to 1827, the sum of $125,000 had been drawn from the State treasury. The new prison, under General Pilsbury, at the expiration of two years, after defraying all its expenses, returned into the treasury the sum of $8000 as the earnings of the institution.



GEN. AMOS PILSBURY, CHIEF OF THE N. Y. METROPOLITAN POLICE.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

At the expiration of two years a new warden was appointed, who, with the aid of the directors, undertook to conduct the affairs of the prison. An immediate and desolating change followed the removal of General Pilsbury. The prisoners would obey no one. They were bold, noisy, and riotous. They broke out into open and defiant rebellion. Every form of disorder prevailed. Prisoners communicated with each other in defiance of the rules. Under-keepers traded with the convicts. Newspapers reflecting on the affairs of the prison were circulated. An under-keeper was murdered. The prison was reduced to a state of anarchy. Nine months had destroyed the discipline of years. The Legislature recalled General Pilsbury. The moment he appeared within the prison walls the rebellion ceased. Discipline revived; the men went cheerfully to their work; and during the entire twelve years that General Pilsbury conducted the affairs of that institution no similar outbreak occurred. He left it the most perfect institution of the kind in the world.

To the people of the city of Albany General Pilsbury gave ten years of the best part of his life. In 1845 he became warden of the Penitentiary in Albany, and reared the buildings connected with that institution. The people of Albany, in common with those of the State, became alarmed at the vast increase of crime. Common jails were perfect nuisances. Frauds and flagrant abuses were in the management. Prisoners were crowded together in one common room, where rum, gambling, rioting, oaths, and idleness marked the pastimes. Discipline was defied. Men tried for petty offenses, lads held for petty larceny, hardened villains, sat side by side in one common jail, all idle and all vicious. The citizens of Albany resolved to remedy the mischief in a degree. They committed to General Pilsbury the erection of the institution and its government. Under his eye it grew in perfection and public favor. The annual reports of the Inspectors, which cover a period of ten years, are full of enthusiastic praise. They speak of him as a disciplinarian unequaled—of his humane firmness—of the economy of his rule—of the reformation that followed his regulations—how the idle and vicious were compelled to earn their own bread—the taste, the order, the cleanliness, the health of all departments of the prison—his unwearied perseverance, and his singular tact and ability in the management of men. For beauty of location, economy, and discipline, it is now unequaled. The most desperate and turbulent men, that were brought to the prison in chains, when they passed the gate and had their fetters knocked off, would end their gibes and oaths, throw away their cigars, and exclaim, "All right, Captain. Now we have done. We know where we are. We shall keep the rules." And during their whole imprisonment would be found the most obedient to the rules of the prison.

In 1855 General Pilsbury took charge of the State property at Ward's Island. It was one of the dark places of the city. The Commissioners of Emigration clothed the Superintendent with full power to conduct the affairs of the institution according to his own judgment. Nearly 2000 persons were supported on the island; 230 persons were employed and paid to do the work. The annual expenses in the island were $260,000. The new warden produced an immediate change. The expenses were reduced. All who were able were compelled to work. The well took charge of the sick. The indolent and worthless concluded they had better work where they could get pay, and left the island in disgust. The number to be supported ran down from 2000 to 600, paid employés to 60, and the annual cost from $260,000 to $75,000. Order arose out of confusion, economy out of mismanagement, and industry took the place of idleness.

Last year General Pilsbury was appointed to the head of the Metropolitan Police—an office which, by the time this paper reaches our readers, he may have resigned. When he accepted the post of Chief it was with the express understanding that he should have power enough to fulfill the duties. He made no claim to police patronage, or to legislative or judicial authority over the department; but he insisted on being the "executive head." After some debate the Commissioners agreed to his terms and appointed him, assuring him that he would be "loaded down with power." Those Commissioners now undertake to deprive the General of the power of detailing the men; they seek, in fact, to make one of their number as a Committee the real executive head of the police, reducing General Pilsbury to the position of a clerk to the Commissioners. It is under these circumstances that he has tendered his resignation. The result of the affair will be probably known by the time this paper is printed. If the Commissioners really deprive General Pilsbury of the power for which he stipulated when he took his office, and without which he could not discharge its duties in an efficient manner, they will assume an enormous responsibility. No man of any character would take the post vacated under such circumstances, and the Legislature would probably be called upon to interfere.

General Pilsbury is now fifty-four years old. He has two children living, one of whom, a son, succeeds him at Ward's Island. He is a man of fine presence, with a full, pleasant face.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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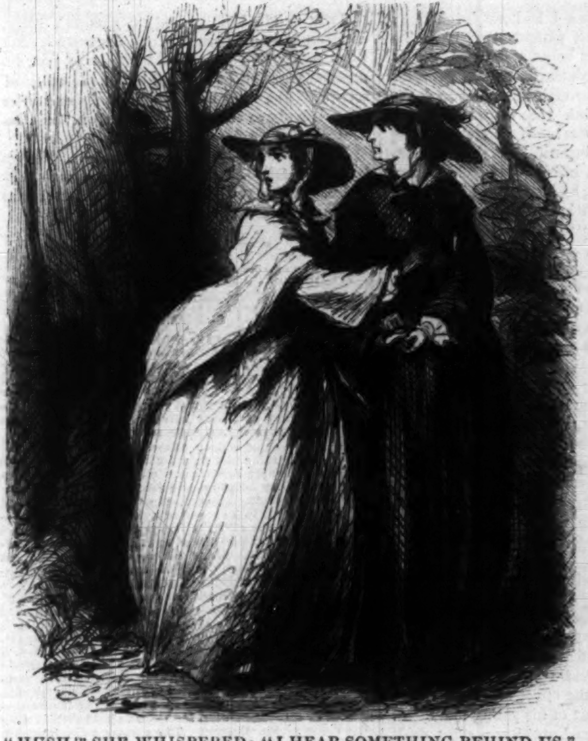
MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3d.—When the dinner hour brought us together again, Count Fosco was in his usual excellent spirits. He exerted himself to interest and amuse us as if he was determined to efface from our memories all recollection of what had passed in the library that afternoon.



"HUSH!" SHE WHISPERED; "I HEAR SOMETHING BEHIND US."

Lively descriptions of his adventures in traveling; amusing anecdotes of remarkable people whom he had met with abroad; quaint comparisons between the social customs of various nations, illustrated by examples drawn from men and women indiscriminately all over Europe; humorous confessions of the innocent follies of his own early life, when he ruled the fashions of a second-rate Italian town, and wrote preposterous romances, on the French model, for a second-rate Italian newspaper—all flowed in succession so easily and so gayly from his lips, and all addressed our various curiosities and various interests so directly and so delicately, that Laura and I listened to him with as much attention, and, inconsistent as it may seem, with as much admiration also as Madame Fosco herself. Women can resist a man's love, a man's fame, a man's personal appearance, and a man's money; but they can not resist a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them.

After dinner, while the favorable impression which he had produced on us was still vivid in our minds, the Count modestly withdrew to read in the library. Laura proposed a stroll in the grounds to enjoy the close of the long evening. It was necessary, in common politeness, to ask Madame Fosco to join us; but this time she had apparently received her orders beforehand, and she begged we would kindly excuse her. "The Count will probably want a fresh supply of cigarettes," she remarked, by way of apology; "and nobody can make them to his satisfaction but myself." Her cold blue eyes almost warmed as she spoke the words—she looked actually proud of being the officiating medium through which her lord and master composed himself with tobacco-smoke!

Laura and I went out together alone.

It was a misty, heavy evening. There was a sense of blight in the air; the flowers were drooping in the garden, and the ground was parched and dewless. The western heaven, as we saw it over the quiet trees, was of a pale yellow hue, and the sun was setting faintly in a haze. Coming rain seemed near: it would fall probably with the fall of night.

"Which way shall we go?" I asked.

"Toward the lake, Marian, if you like," she answered.

"You seem unaccountably fond, Laura, of that dismal lake."

"No; not of the lake, but of the scenery about it. The sand and heath, and the fir-trees, are the only objects I can discover, in all this large place, to remind me of Limmeridge. But we will walk in some other direction if you prefer it."

"I have no favorite walks at Blackwater Park, my love. One is the same as another to me. Let us go to the lake—we may find it cooler in the open space than we find it here."

We walked through the shadowy plantation in silence. The heaviness in the evening air oppressed us both; and when we reached the boat-house, we were glad to sit down and rest inside.

A white fog hung low over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank appeared above it like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downward from where we sat, was lost mysteriously in the outward layers of the fog. The silence was horrible. No rustling of the leaves—no bird's note in the wood—no cry of water-fowl from the pools of the hidden lake. Even the croaking of the frogs had ceased to-night.

"It is very desolate and gloomy," said Laura. "But we can be more alone here than any where else."

She spoke quietly, and looked at the wilderness of sand and mist with steady, thoughtful eyes. I could see that her mind was too much occupied with its own thoughts to feel the dreary impressions from without, which had fastened themselves already on mine.

"I promised, Marian, to tell you the truth about my married life, instead of leaving you any longer to guess it for yourself," she began. "That secret is the first I have ever had from you, love, and I am determined it shall be the last. I was silent, as you know, for your sake—and perhaps a little for my own sake as well. It is very hard for a woman to confess that the man to whom she has given her whole life is the man of all others who cares least for the gift. If you were married yourself, Marian—and especially if you were happily married—you would feel for me as no single woman *can* feel, however kind and true she may be."

What answer could I make? I could only take her hand, and look at her with my whole heart, as well as my eyes would let me.

"How often," she went on, "I have heard you laughing over what you used to call your 'poverty!' how often you have made me mock speeches of congratulation on my wealth! Oh, Marian, never laugh again. Thank God for your poverty—it has made you your own mistress, and has saved you from the lot that has fallen on *me*."

A sad beginning on the lips of a young wife!—sad in its quiet, plain-spoken truth. The few days we had all passed together at Blackwater Park had been many enough to show me—to show any one—what her husband had married her for.

"You shall not be distressed," she said, "by hearing how soon my disappointments and my trials began—or even by knowing what they were. It is bad enough to have them on *my* memory. If I tell you how he received the first, and last, attempt at remonstrance that I ever made, you will know how he has always treated me, as well as if I had described it in so many words. It was one day at Rome, when we had ridden out together to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The sky was calm and lovely—and the grand old ruin looked beautiful—and the remembrance that a husband's love had raised it in the old time to a wife's memory made me feel more tenderly and more anxiously toward *my* husband than I had ever felt yet. 'Would you build such a tomb for *me*, Percival?' I asked him. 'You said you loved me dearly, before we were married; and yet, since that time—' I could get no farther. Marian! he was not even looking at me! I pulled down my vail, thinking it best not to let him see that the tears were in my eyes. I fancied he had not paid any attention to me; but he had. He said, 'Come away,' and laughed to himself, as he helped me on to my horse. He mounted his own horse; and laughed again as we rode away. 'If I do build you a tomb,' he said, 'it will be done with your own money. I wonder whether Cecilia Metella had a fortune and paid for hers.' I made no reply—how could I, when I was crying behind my vail? 'Ah, you light-complexioned women are all sulky,' he said. 'What do you want? compliments and soft speeches? Well! I'm in a good humor this morning. Consider the compliments paid, and the speeches said.' Men little know, when they say hard things to us, how well we remember them, and how much harm they do us. It would have been better for me if I had gone on crying; but his contempt dried up my tears and hardened my heart. From that time, Marian, I never checked myself again in thinking of Walter Hartright. I let the memory of those happy days, when we were so fond of each other in secret, come back and comfort me. What else had I to look to for consolation? If we had been together, you would have helped me to better things. I know it was wrong, darling—but tell me if I was wrong, without any excuse."

I was obliged to turn my face from her. "Don't ask me!" I said. "Have I suffered as you have suffered? What right have I to decide?"

"I used to think of him," she pursued, dropping her voice, and moving closer to me—"I used to think of him when Percival left me alone at night to go among the Opera people. I used to fancy what I might have been, if it had pleased God to bless me with poverty, and if I had been his wife. I used to see myself in my neat cheap gown, sitting at home and waiting for him, while he was earning our bread—sitting at home and working for him, and loving him all the better because I *had* to work for him—seeing him come in tired, and taking off his hat and coat for him—and, Marian, pleasing him with little dishes at dinner that I had learned to make for his sake. Oh! I hope he is never lonely enough and sad enough to think of me, and see me, as I have thought of *him* and seen *him!*"

As she said those melancholy words all the lost tenderness returned to her voice, and all the lost beauty trembled back into her face. Her eyes rested as lovingly on the blighted, solitary, ill-omened view before us as if they saw the friendly hills of Cumberland in the dim and threatening sky.

"Don't speak of Walter any more," I said, as soon as I could control myself. "Oh, Laura, spare us both the wretchedness of talking of him now!"

She roused herself, and looked at me tenderly.

"I would rather be silent about him for ever," she answered, "than cause you a moment's pain."

"It is in your interests," I pleaded; "it is for your sake that I speak. If your husband heard you—"

"It would not surprise him if he did hear me."

She made that strange reply with a weary calmness and coldness. The change in her manner, when she gave the answer, startled me almost as much as the answer itself.

"Not surprise him!" I repeated. "Laura! remember what you are saying—you frighten me!"

"It is true," she said; "it is what I wanted to tell you to-day when we were talking in your room. My only secret, when I opened my heart to him at Limmeridge, was a harmless secret, Marian—you said so yourself. The name was all I kept from him, and he has discovered it."

I heard her; but I could say nothing. Her last words had killed the little hope that still lived in me.

"It happened at Rome," she went on, as wearily calm and cold as ever. "We were at a little party, given to the English by some friends of Sir Percival's—Mr. and Mrs. Markland. Mrs. Markland had the reputation of sketching very beautifully; and some of the guests prevailed on her to show us her drawings. We all admired them—but something I said attracted her attention particularly to me. 'Surely you draw yourself?' she asked. 'I used to draw a little once,' I answered; 'but I have given it up.' 'If you have once drawn,' she said, 'you may take to it again one of these days; and if you do, I wish you would let me recommend you a master.' I said nothing—you know why, Marian—and tried to change the conversation. But Mrs. Markland persisted. 'I have had all sorts of teachers,' she went on, 'but the best of all, the most intelligent, and the most attentive, was a Mr. Hartright. If you ever take up your drawing again, do try him as a master. He is a young man—modest and gentlemanlike—I am sure you will like him.' Think of those words being spoken to me publicly, in the presence of strangers—strangers who had been invited to meet the bride and bridegroom! I did all I could to control myself—I said nothing, and looked down close at the drawings. When I ventured to raise my head again my eyes and my husband's eyes met, and I knew by his look that my face had betrayed me. 'We will see about Mr. Hartright,' he said, looking at me all the time, 'when we get back to England. I agree with you, Mrs. Markland—I think Lady Glyde is sure to like him.' He laid an emphasis on the last words which made my cheeks burn, and set my heart beating as if it would stifle me. Nothing more was said—we came away early. He was silent in the carriage, driving back to the hotel. He helped me out, and followed me up stairs as usual. But the moment we were in the drawing-room he locked the door, pushed me down into a chair, and stood over me with his hands on my shoulders. 'Ever since that morning when you made your audacious confession to me at Limmeridge,' he said, 'I have wanted to find out the man; and I found him in your face to-night. Your drawing-master was the man; and his name is Hartright. You shall repent it, and he shall repent it, to the last hour of your lives. Now go to bed, and dream of him, if you like—with the marks of my horsewhip on his shoulders.' Whenever he is angry with me now, he refers to what I acknowledged to him in your presence with a sneer or a threat. I have no power to prevent him from putting his own horrible construction on the confidence I placed in him. I have no influence to make him believe me or to keep him silent. You looked surprised to-day when you heard him tell me that I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him. You will not be surprised again when you hear him repeat it the next time he is out of temper—oh, Marian! don't! don't! you hurt me!"

I had caught her in my arms, and the sting and torment of my remorse had closed them round her like a vice. Yes! my remorse. The white despair of Walter's face, when my cruel words struck him to the heart in the summer-house at Limmeridge, rose before me in mute, unendurable reproach. My hand had pointed the way which led the man my sister loved, step by step, far from his country and his friends. Between those two young hearts I had stood to sunder them forever, the one from the other—and his life and her life lay wasted before me, alike, in witness of the deed. I had done this, and done it for Sir Percival Glyde.

For Sir Percival Glyde.

I heard her speaking, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she was comforting me—*I*, who deserved nothing but the reproach of her silence! How long it was before I mastered the absorbing misery of my own thoughts I can not tell. I was first conscious that she was kissing me; and then my eyes seemed to wake on a sudden to their sense of outward things, and I knew that I was looking mechanically straight before me at the prospect of the lake.

"It is late," I heard her whisper. "It will be dark in the plantation." She shook my arm, and repeated, "Marian! it will be dark in the plantation."

"Give me a minute longer," I said—"a minute to get better in."

I was afraid to trust myself to look at her yet, and I kept my eyes fixed on the view.

It *was* late. The dense brown line of trees in the sky had faded in the gathering darkness, to the faint resemblance of a long wreath of smoke. The mist over the lake below had stealthily enlarged, and advanced on us. The silence was as breathless as ever—but the horror of it had gone, and the solemn mystery of its stillness was all that remained.

"We are far from the house," she whispered. "Let us go back."

She stopped suddenly, and turned her face from me toward the entrance of the boat-house.

"Marian!" she said, trembling violently. "Do you see nothing? Look!"

"Where?"

"Down there, below us."

She pointed. My eyes followed her hand, and I saw it too.

A living figure was moving over the waste of heath in the distance. It crossed our range of view from the boat-house, and passed darkly along the outer edge of the mist. It stopped, far off, in front of us—waited—and passed on; moving slowly, with the white cloud of mist behind it and above it—slowly, slowly, till it glided by the edge of the boat-house, and we saw it no more.

We were both unnerved by what had passed between us that evening. Some minutes elapsed before Laura would venture into the plantation, and before I could make up my mind to lead her back to the house.

"Was it a man or a woman?" she asked, in a whisper, as we moved at last into the dark dampness of the outer air.

"I am not certain."

"Which do you think?"

"It looks like a woman."

"I was afraid it was a man in a long cloak."

"It may be a man. In this dim light it is not possible to be certain."

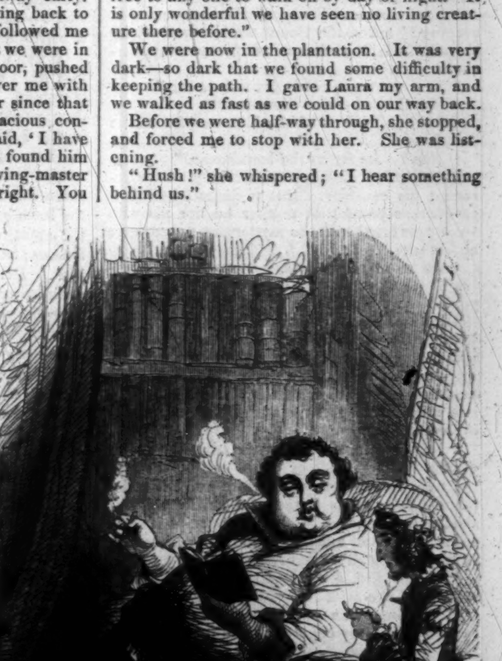
"Wait, Marian! I'm frightened—I don't see the path. Suppose the figure should follow us?"

"Not at all likely, Laura. There is really nothing to be alarmed about. The shores of the lake are not far from the village, and they are free to any one to walk on by day or night. It is only wonderful we have seen no living creature there before."

We were now in the plantation. It was very dark—so dark that we found some difficulty in keeping the path. I gave Laura my arm, and we walked as fast as we could on our way back.

Before we were half-way through, she stopped, and forced me to stop with her. She was listening.

"Hush!" she whispered; "I hear something behind us."



"THERE SAT THE COUNT," ETC.

"Dead leaves," I said, to cheer her, "or a twig blown off the trees."

"It is summer time, Marian; and there is not a breath of wind. Listen!"

I heard the sound, too—a sound like a light footstep following us.

"No matter who it is, or what it is," I said; "let us walk on. In another minute, if there is any thing to alarm us, we shall be near enough to the house to be heard."

We went on quickly—so quickly that Laura was breathless by the time we were nearly through the plantation, and within sight of the lighted windows.

I waited a moment to give her breathing-time. Just as we were about to proceed she stopped me again and signed to me with her hand to listen once more. We both heard distinctly a long, heavy sigh behind us in the black depths of the trees.

"Who's there?" I called out.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" I repeated.

An instant of silence followed; and then we heard the light fall of the footsteps again, fainter and fainter—sinking away into the darkness—sinking, sinking, sinking—till they were lost in the silence.

We hurried out from the trees to the open lawn beyond; crossed it rapidly; and without another word passing between us reached the house.

In the light of the hall-lamp Laura looked at me, with white cheeks and startled eyes.

"I am half dead with fear," she said. "Who could it have been?"

"We will try to guess to-morrow," I replied. "In the mean time say nothing to any one of what we have heard and seen."

"Why not?"

"Because silence is safe—and we have need of safety in this house."

I sent Laura up stairs immediately, waited a minute to take off my hat and put my hair smooth, and then went at once to make my first investigations in the library on pretense of searching for a book.

There sat the Count, filling out the largest easy-chair in the house; smoking and reading calmly, with his feet on an ottoman, his cravat across his knees, and his shirt collar wide open. And there sat Madame Fosco, like a quiet child, on a stool by his side, making cigarettes. Neither husband nor wife could by any possibility have been out late that evening, and have just got back to the house in a hurry. I felt that my object in visiting the library was answered the moment I set eyes on them.

Count Fosco rose in polite confusion, and tied his cravat on, when I entered the room.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," I said. "I have only come here to get a book."

"All unfortunate men of my size suffer from the heat," said the Count, refreshing himself gravely with a large green fan. "I wish I could change places with my excellent wife. She is as cool at this moment as a fish in the pond outside."

The Countess allowed herself to thaw under the influence of her husband's quaint comparison. "I am never warm, Miss Halcombe," she remarked, with the modest air of a woman who was confessing to one of her own merits.

"Have you and Lady Glyde been out this evening?" asked the Count while I was taking a book from the shelves to preserve appearances.

"Yes; we went out to get a little air."

"May I ask in what direction?"

"In the direction of the lake—as far as the boat-house."

"Aha? As far as the boat-house?"

Under other circumstances I might have resented his curiosity. But to-night I hailed it as another proof that neither he nor his wife were connected with the mysterious appearance at the lake.

"No more adventures, I suppose, this evening?" he went on. "No more discoveries, like your discovery of the wounded dog?"

He fixed his unfathomable gray eyes on me, with that cold, clear, irresistible glitter in them which always forces me to look at him, and always makes me uneasy while I do look. An unutterable suspicion that his mind is prying into mine overcomes me at these times; and it overcame me now.

"No," I said, shortly; "no adventures—no discoveries."

I tried to look away from him and leave the room. Strange as it seems, I hardly think I should have succeeded in the attempt if Madame Fosco had not helped me by causing him to move and look away first.

"Count, you are keeping Miss Halcombe standing," she said.

The moment he turned round to get me a chair I seized my opportunity—thanked him—made my excuses—and slipped out.

An hour later, when Laura's maid happened to be in her mistress's room, I took occasion to refer to the closeness of the night, with a view to ascertaining next how the servants had been passing their time.

"Have you been suffering much from the heat down stairs?" I asked.

"No, miss," said the girl, "we have not felt it to speak of."

"You have been out in the woods, then, I suppose?"

"Some of us thought of going, miss. But cook said she should take her chair into the cool court-yard outside the kitchen door; and, on second thoughts, all the rest of us took our chairs out there too."

The housekeeper was now the only person who remained to be accounted for.

"Is Mrs. Michelson gone to bed yet?" I inquired.

"I should think not, miss," said the girl, smiling. "Mrs. Michelson is more likely to be getting up just now than going to bed."

"Why? What do you mean? Has Mrs. Michelson been taking to her bed in the day-time?"

"No, miss, not exactly, but the next thing to it. She's been asleep all the evening on the sofa in her own room."

Putting together what I observed for myself in the library and what I have just heard from Laura's maid, one conclusion seems inevitable. The figure we saw at the lake was not the figure of Madame Fosco, of her husband, or of any of the servants. The footsteps we heard behind us were not the footsteps of any one belonging to the house.

Who could it have been?

It seems useless to inquire. I can not even decide whether the figure was a man's or a woman's. I can only say that I think it was a woman's.

DERNIER RESORT.

SHE told me that she loved me *once*,
"But now," she feared, "her love was dead."
The fault was mine—I was a dunce
To show a bigger heart than head.

With love I pestered her so much
She thought it cheap—not worth a groat!
Well, "love is blind;" but this I vouch,
Her words took from my eye the mote!

"Sweet love," I said, "your love is dead,
And mine, though living, 's little worth;
We now should part; we may not wed—
I go a whaling voyage north!"

I spoke with pride and high-born zest;
She saw the passion in my eye—
She leaned her head upon my breast,
And said, "If *you* go, may not *I?*"

ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY.

LONG ago, my friend, as you watched with me in my sickness, I promised to tell you the story of my life. It all seemed to come back to me in those long wakeful nights; and if you have not forgotten the lonely woman cheered by your kindness, I will keep my promise now.

You know the old house I lived in was my first home. I hoped to be taken from it to my last one. It was the pleasantest place in the world to me—that great, quiet house, resting under the elm-trees, and the smooth natural lawn sloping down, with its green grassy banks, to the river. It seemed as if God had made that beautiful spot for a happy home. Far behind the old house rose the great solemn mountains that lay close against the sky. I think now, perhaps I was nearer heaven then.

Next to our house was the tram farm-house, always my other home, and only separated from it by a hedge, that as a child I crept through, as a maiden walked by with— Ah! it is hard to *stop remembering;* and it is wrong to live only in retrospection.

I don't know when John Maynard and I first liked each other. It seemed as natural as breathing. We were always together. As children, we sat on the low sunny door-step or played in the fields; hand in hand we wandered over the hills for the wild-flowers in summer, and the scarlet berries in autumn. As we grew older, there came walks and talks till the shadow of the larch grew long. John was to go out into the great, wonderful world, and grow rich and famous; while I was to stay at home and wait—wait. I think that is what we are all doing in some way or other

So the years went by till John was twenty and I seventeen. Then the old child-plans became more real. At last it was true that he would go to a city far away. Somehow the walks grew pleasanter as they grew fewer; and I almost wished he would not be so kind, it was making it so much harder to say good-by.

Then the time narrowed down and down, until the last day before he was to go. It was early autumn, and we walked through the woods, which were flaming with the changing foliage; then by the brook, rich with the scarlet glory of the Cardinal flower; over the hill where we used to watch the sunsets, and think how soon the sun went down. We didn't say much that last walk, but John looked away off to the distant hills which were to lie between us; and if my eyes were bent on the flowers at my feet, I did not *see them* for the tears I was trying to hide.

But when we came to the fallen tree, our old seat, it seemed to come over me all at once that John was going away—that I might never see him again!—till I seemed to be saying to myself, "Never again! never again!" I just looked in his face, and burst out crying. It was only *my heart* that was crying before.

Then he took my hands and told me the story—old since people have lived and suffered; new while they live and love. He told me how the friendship of a lifetime had grown into love for me—he never knew how much until he came to leave me; how my love for him would be his incentive to honor and success; and, again and again, those wonderful, wonderful words—he loved me!

What could I answer? Only that I did not remember the time when I had not loved him; that I would wait with patient trust until the time came to fulfill our hopes and promises.

As we walked through the deepening twilight, we said we would go through life as through the wood together. I think the very birds sang sweeter for our happiness! We were so young that all life seemed beautiful—bathed in sunshine, like the distant hills that stretched away before us. That night, as I smoothed my brown hair, I looked through happy tears at the face which he said was fair to him—and so seemed prettier to me for that.

So he went away; and there came a long, long time with few letters to make it shorter. Then the winter came, and the soft snow hid the old walks and wood-paths, and obliterated them all, like *Time*. Then came the tardy spring, with its sweet promises; and the summer, with its fulfilling blossoms; and at last the golden autumn. Just one year! And he was to come back for a little while, returning again to the city. Oh! it was such an eager pleasure to expect him—only the days were so much longer when I was wishing them away! So I sat, with womanly wonder, thinking how he would look—wondering if the year and the new life had changed him; never once asking myself if he had changed in heart. How could he? Was I not the same, with a love enriched by memory as well as hope?

So the tardy time went by—and if John's letters grew less frequent I thought it was because he was coming to me so soon. At last he came. Oh, how altered! I had tried to expect some outward change from the effect of city life, and the natural development of his young manhood. I knew he must grow and outgrow a great deal. Then I was forced into a conscious difference of ways and manners, and I was afraid of comparing his new and his old life. Then the first fears came—not yet doubts.

When people cease loving you, Fanny dear, they are sometimes a great deal kinder, as if to make up for it. John was so kind that he betrayed this change. I saw, day by day, how I held him by his honor, and no longer by his love; how he wearied of the ties he was too honorable to break; and how the old pleasures had become only *duties* to him. You know the difference, and I could not bear that. I saw it all, day by day, and I think strength not my own was given me to bear it. Perhaps earth grew less dear that heaven might grow more so. Life would be hard and difficult if it were not for the thought of this eternal compensation.

One evening we took the old walk through the woods. As I remembered our last walk there it was harder to nerve myself for what I had to do, but I never faltered. I told him how I had seen, day by day, the change that had come over him; how my own love had never altered but to increase; and how I could never accept my happiness at the expense of his. I told him how I had seen him fulfilling the duties his heart rebelled against. And oh, Fanny, duty is *not* always happiness; and we only gather the pale Platonic flowers of peace when we lose the passion-flowers of love!

So I made him free—free from his sacred promise to me—free to win and wed! It was hardest of all to say I should rejoice in the happiness I had once hoped to share. There came a strange feeling at my heart as I said it; but I looked up at the sky, and that made me stronger—that calm, solemn sky, with its upper deeps.

John was touched at what I said; but he never gainsayed it, nor wronged me by deceiving me. He only said he was not worthy of me. Of that God will judge when we both stand before Him. He saw I was firm and sincere; and then he even tried my strength by telling me of a woman he loved! That was hard to hear; but my womanly pride came to my aid, and he never knew how every word entered the heart he had broken.

As we walked home through the wood its shadows seemed to fall all around my heart. The glory in the west had faded away, and only the solemn, pitying stars looked down upon us.

That night we parted calmly, never to meet again. He went back to his new love and new life, and I back to loneliness and a hopeless future. The dreary days lengthened into months, and another year brought the news of his marriage. I tried to pray for *his* peace. My own lay only between God and my soul. Then came long watching and waiting; the uneventful life of lonely womanhood. Then the sense of "*duty*"—the old substitute again of duty for happiness—memory for hope, "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

After many years came news of his death. Then there was a great blank in my life; when it must have been my duty to live it was *so hard*. Death seldom comes to the weary in soul. It is to the happy who are eager for life.

My good old parents were taken from me. Heaven was kind, and they died in one day—never missing each other, and lying down together to their welcome sleep.

For ten long years I have been alone; but I shall find companions soon, for I know that *three* are waiting for me above. *Three;* for Heaven redeems earth's losses: and I shall find my own. That will redeem life's woes and blindness, and be my eternal compensation.

That is all, Fanny; only a woman's story, short and simple, soon told and forgotten. But when woman's part of grief comes to you, remember we shall be kindred by the sacred tie of sorrow. *We bury not all our dead;* and there are griefs above the earth deeper than those beneath it, for we dare not mark *all our graves*.

I have tried to be brave and patient. When happiness failed, I have asked for peace—only peace. I have waited so long for that. It seems near and eternal now.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, February 27, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Miss.) presented a memorial from the Legislature of New Mexico asking for the organization of the Territory of Arizona. Senator Seward (N. Y.) presented petitions asking that pensions be granted the soldiers of the war of 1812. Senator Collamer (Vt.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of having letters remaining in a Post-office thirty days uncalled for returned to their writers. Adopted. Senator Wilson (Mass.) gave notice of a bill to reduce the rates now paid for the public printing 25 per cent. Senator Brown's resolution relative to the Territories was then taken up, and Senator Toombs (Ga.) addressed the Senate. The subject was then postponed, and the Senate went into executive session. Adjourned.——In the House, the bills for the payment of Invalid and other Pensions, and for the support of the Military Academy, were passed. Mr. Conkling (N. Y.) sought but failed to obtain consent to introduce a resolution of inquiry whether any further legislation was necessary to secure the liberty of speech or person in the District of Columbia, and also the rights of free persons in said District. The printing of extra copies of the President's Annual Message, and Reports of the Heads of Departments, was ordered, as reported by the Committee, a saving of some $16,000 being secured. Mr. Adrain (N. J.) proposed to say something in reply to Mr. Carter's resolution relative to the treatment of the New York Seventh Regiment. But objections were made. The House proceeded to vote for Printer, Mr. Colfax (Ind.) withdrawing the name of Mr. Defrees. Three votes were had; but there having been no choice, several ineffectual efforts were made to postpone and adjourn, when another vote was had, as follows: Necessary to a choice, 93; for Mr. Thomas H. Ford, of Ohio, 93; Mr. Glossbrenner, 71; Mr. Seaton, 18; Mr. Ball, 2; Mr. Winton, 1. Mr. Ford was declared elected.

On Tuesday, February 28, in the Senate, Senator Mason (Va.) moved a resolution calling upon the President to furnish a copy of any report establishing the boundaries between the United States and Great Britain. Senator Foot (Vt.) submitted a report and bill explanatory of the carrying into effect of the 9th article of the treaty of 1819 with Spain. The bill authorizing the sale of arms to States, and regulating the appointment of Superintendents of Public Armories, was taken up and debated. The Senate then went into executive session. Adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) reported from the Committee on Ways and Means a bill providing that the President's Message and Executive documents shall be printed in time for distribution at the commencement of each session of Congress. Mr. S. also reported a bill providing that members of Congress shall be allowed twenty cents per mile instead of forty, the present mileage, to be computed by a straight geographical line, and repealing all existing acts upon the subject. Mr. S. explained the inequality of the present system. Some debate was had, when the bill, which had been reported as a substitute for one referred to the Committee, was adopted. Mr. Sherman then moved the previous question upon the final passage of the bill, but further proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Ruffin (N. C.) rising to a question of privilege, declaring that his name was not recorded as voting on the election of Printer yesterday. Mr. Sherman insisted upon his motion being put first, and Mr. Ruffin said he would move to correct the record hereafter. The House then adjourned without taking the question on Mr. Sherman's motion.

On Wednesday, February 29, in the Senate, the Invalid Pension Bill was passed. Senator Gwin (Cal.) reported the Military Academy Bill without amendments. On motion of Senator Seward (N. Y.) the bill for the admission of Kansas was put on its second reading. On motion of Senator Mason (Va.) the President was called upon to transmit whatever communication he had received from the Governor of Texas relative to the disturbances on the Rio Grande. Senator Seward presented the memorial of the Legislature of Kansas, praying for admission into the Union, and then proceeded to address the Senate at length. After his speech, there was a long debate, lasting till 6½ o'clock P.M., in which Senators Douglas, Davis, Trumbull, Doolittle, and Wigfall took part, when the subject was postponed till Monday, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Parrott (Kansas) presented the resolutions of the Kansas Legislature asking admission as a State under the Wyandot Constitution. Mr. Curtis (Ohio) made an ineffectual attempt to introduce a resolution calling on the President for copies of any official correspondence between the Department and Governor Houston of Texas, regarding the difficulties on the southwestern frontiers, and whether any orders have been issued authorizing our troops to enter any of the States of Mexico. Mr. Ruffin (N. C.) called up his motion to amend the journal by recording his vote for Mr. Glossbrenner for Printer. Mr. R.'s statement that he had voted was confirmed by other members who heard him, and after some discussion the House ordered the journal to be corrected. The Speaker then declared the election of Mr. Ford a nullity. Mr. Corwin (Ohio), who had, while Mr. Ruffin's motion was pending, endeavored to move that, notwithstanding the informality of the election, Mr. Ford be declared elected Printer, made another ineffectual effort to renew it. The Speaker then announced that the House would proceed to the election of Printer. Motions were made to postpone, but they were disagreed to, and the House voted as follows:

Whole number of votes..	180	Mr. Seaton..............	9
Necessary to a choice....	91	Mr. Winton..............	2
Thomas H. Ford.........	87	Mr. Ball..................	3
Mr. Glossbrenner........	78	Mr. Ritchie.............	1

On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio) the further consideration of the subject was postponed till to-morrow. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Reagan (Texas) making a speech in behalf of Slavery. He was replied to by Mr. Edgerton (Ohio). Mr. Grow (Pa.) addressed the House on the subject of the public lands. Mr. Junkin (Pa.) also spoke, advocating protection to American industry, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 1, in the Senate, Senator Davis (Miss.) submitted a modified series of his resolutions (the Democratic Platform), and they were ordered printed. The bill amending the act regulating the collection of duties on imports, etc., was taken up and passed. The Military Academy Appropriation bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) moved an amendment appropriating $1,100,000 for the support of a regiment of mounted volunteers to defend the frontiers of Texas, in pursuance of the act of 1858. A long debate ensued, in which Senators Douglas (Ill.), Doolittle (Wis), Mason (Va.), Hale (N. H.), Wigfall (Texas), Fessenden (Maine), Crittendon (Ky.), Trumbull (Ill.), Davis (Miss.), Gwin (Cal.), and Saulsbury (Del.) participated, when the matter was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.——In the House, Mr. Adrain (N. J.) rose to reply to the censures cast on the Washington Statue Committee of Arrangements by Mr. Carters's (N. Y.) resolutions, but several members objected. On motion of Mr. Washburn (Me.), an inquiry was ordered into the expediency of abolishing a portion of the land offices, or reducing their expenses. Mr. W. also reported a bill amendatory of the act providing for the safety of passengers on steamboats. After debate, the consideration of the bill was postponed for three weeks. The resolutions which Mr. Curtis (Iowa) attempted to offer on Wednesday, calling upon the President for copies of whatever communications had been received from Governor Houston of Texas, relative to the troubles on the frontier, was adopted. Mr. J. Cochrane (N. Y.) reported a bill for the better protection of female immigrants on the high seas. The President's Annual Message was then taken up, when Mr. Ashmore (S. C.) addressed the House in defense of the South in the position it now occupied. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, March 2, in the Senate, Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill amendatory of the act providing for the execution of the public printing. The private calendar was taken up, and a large number of bills were passed. The bill granting a pension to the widow of Gen. Persifer F. Smith coming up, it was amended, on motion of Senator Seward (N. Y.), by including the widow of Gen. Riley, when the subject was postponed. The Senate then went into Executive Session, after which it adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Adrain (N. J.) had read a statement in reply to the resolutions of Mr. Carter (N. Y.) relative to the treatment of the New York Seventh Regiment at Washington. The statement shows that there was no cause of complaint whatever at the treatment extended to the New York Military. The bill carrying into effect treaty stipulations with the Indians of Oregon and Washington Territories, was passed. The House then proceeded to vote for Printer, with this result:

Whole number of votes	187	For Mr. Glossbrenner	72
Necessary to a choice	94	For Mr. Seaton	9
For Mr. Ford	96	Remainder scattering.	

Mr. Ford was declared elected. Mr. Morris (Ill.) was excused from serving on the Committee on Roads and Canals. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) reported a bill authorizing publishers to print on their papers the date when a subscription expires, and it was passed. A large number of private bills were reported, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE OVERLAND MAILS.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

"The Senate Post-office Committee will report a bill for carrying a semi-weekly mail from St. Joseph to Placerville for $500,000 per annum, and for a semi-weekly service from El Paso to New Orleans, being an extension of the San Antonio and El Paso route, at $225,000 per annum. This, with the Butterfield route, would furnish six trips per week from the Atlantic States to California, costing about $1,400,000 yearly.

"The bill of the House Committee has been erroneously published. It advertises for bids to carry the entire Overland Mail, papers and letters, through in twenty days from each point on the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, as the contractor may designate, to San Francisco. Bids are also to be invited for a semi-weekly service, letters to go through in thirty days, and papers, weekly, in thirty. Mr. Colfax estimates that the daily service could be performed for $900,000 or $1,000,000, and the semi-weekly and weekly service for $700,000."

THE LATEST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

The agents of the steamer *Hungarian* at Montreal have received a statement from Mr. Andrew Crawford, who has visited the wreck. He found nothing above water but the starboard bow from the break of the forecastle. No more bodies have been found, and it is supposed they have been drifted eastward. None of the goods have been taken on shore whole. A great many loose letters have been found at the fishermen's houses, and there are twelve or fifteen bags at the Barrington Post-office. No effects belonging to the passengers have been seen which could be identified.

A later dispatch from Halifax states that it is now ascertained beyond a doubt that there are no survivors of the disaster to the *Hungarian*. Only three bodies have been found—those of a woman, a man, and a child two years old. Three buildings have been obtained at Barrington in which to store the goods which are constantly drifting ashore. The ship's articles, which have been found, show that the crew numbered seventy-four. The passenger list had not yet been found. The only passengers known to have been aboard are William Boultenhouse, of Sackville, New Brunswick, and Dr. Barrett, of New York. Besides a box belonging to the latter, three trunks have been found, one belonging to Margaret Robertson, of Montreal, one to Robert Martin, of Toronto, and one to W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Connecticut. It is to be presumed these parties were also aboard.

CORTINAS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

From the Rio Grande we learn that Captains Tobin's and Tomlinson's Rangers have disbanded and returned home. Cortina is in possession of the west bank of the Rio Grande, and continues his depredations in Texas. The border is guarded by Captain Stoneman's Cavalry and Captain Fowler's Rangers to the extent of their ability.

HOW TO GET ON IN LIFE.

Mayor Wood, in his harangue to the cartmen, told them the following interesting story of his success in life:

"It has been one of the secrets of my little success in life that I have never said, 'I can not.' [Applause.] I have always said, 'I would' (Wood?). I have done it if I could, and if I did not I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had exhausted every energy of my life and being to succeed. The highest position is as open to you as it is to any other men. Wealth is open to you as it is to other men. The wealthiest men in this city were much poorer than any of those sitting within the sound of my voice. There is no man here who at the age of twenty-one was more poor, more obscure, than the humble individual standing before you. I do not speak in this manner because I assume to be any thing: but I have been a working man, and I have earned my living in the city of New York by these hands. I am not ashamed to say it. Let every man rely upon himself. Do not lean upon others. Walk abroad under the great canopy of heaven, and feel that within yourselves is all that the Almighty vouchsafes to any of his children. You have life, energy, youth, and all you want is determination, vigor, and indomitable perseverance."

HOW LUCY STONE LOOKS.

The New York (lady) correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes as follows of Lucy Stone's appearance last week at the Cooper Institute:

"It is extremely difficult to make the Lucy Stone on Thursday evening identical with the Lucy Stone of four years ago. The bright cheeks were there, the girlish figure, the musical voice; but the old assurance, the perfect self-poise, the rapid, confident, slightly saucy utterance were all wanting. She did not seem less earnest, but less assured. She told her old story of women's legal disability and wrongs, but not in the old demanding and decant tones. The mother's heart had dissolved the woman's voice, and what was once pertness is now pathos; what it has lost in vigor it has gained in tenderness. Those who listened to Lucy Stone Blackwell, and to her sister-in-law, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, before their marriage, can not fail to observe the great change which has come over the public manner of the ladies since that event. Although they still adhere to their pet idea of an oratorical mission, and occasionally leave their homes and their babies to talk on a public platform, they do so in a much more subdued and womanly way than of old. The brothers Blackwell married these ladies with a full knowledge of their strong-minded tendencies. Was it in order to undertake the fascinating task of 'taming' them, as did the husband of Shakspeare's 'Shrew?' Antoinette Blackwell has a noble nature, and so burdened is it with the sorrows of humanity and a sense of its own high mission, that her voice seems broken, and her words come low and slow. While on Thursday evening here stood 'Lucy,' talking, to be sure, yet blushing and trembling as she never did in that little ridiculous, impertinent Bloomer that she used to wear."

CURED BY SECOND ADVENT PREACHING.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard* tells the following story: "Miss Louisa Jones, an intelligent and accomplished young lady of Fairhaven, twenty-one years of age, has been very ill for the last four months, confined to her bed, and for the last two months had lost the use of her lower limbs, so that she could be moved only with great difficulty. She appeared to be failing rapidly, and the medical attendants declared they could do nothing more for her. On the 8th inst., some friend who was in to see her mentioned that the Rev. Joseph K. Bellows, of New York, a Second Advent preacher, was in town, holding a series of meetings. She immediately expressed a desire to see him, and the belief that, should he pray for her, she should recover. The clergyman accordingly visited her that evening, and Miss Jones describes her sensations during the prayer as similar to those of a person receiving a galvanic shock. That night she arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the following Sabbath she attended church. She is now enjoying the best of health, and relishes the heartiest food. The young lady belongs to the same religious persuasion with the preacher, which is an indication of her system being very susceptible to the influence of imagination."

SURPRISERS SURPRISED.

The Buffalo *Express* says that Young America not long ago undertook to have a surprise party at the house of Dean Richmond. In full feather, with eatables, and drinkables, and music, the self-invited guests, to the number of two hundred, drove up to Dean's door, rang the bell, and prepared for a rush in. But they reckoned wrong. Dean answered the bell in person, and of course blocked up the entrance. He politely asked the business of the leader of the party. He was informed that it was a "surprise party." He assured them that he was not surprised at all; was not surprised at any thing nowadays; did not intend to have a party that night; when he wanted one, he would make proper preparations, and bid the guests himself. He wished them a pleasant "good-night," and closed the door.

PERSONAL.

A State Convention of the citizens of Missouri hostile to the Administration, assembled on Wednesday at Jefferson City, and was very fully attended. This Convention unanimously presented the name of Edward Bates to the country as a candidate for next President, and planted itself on a platform of opposition to the Administration doctrines respecting Slavery in the Territories.

The State Convention of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, at Reading, on Thursday nominated Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland County, for Governor of that State, though he had few or no votes on the first ballot.

Wisconsin has chosen a very able and respected delegation to the Chicago Convention, headed by Carl Shurz, and instructed it unanimously to present and support William H. Seward as the Republican candidate for next President.

When Governor Seward was in Syria, a Turkish officer of high rank, made him a present of three thorough-bred Arabian horses, the choice of his stud of some forty-eight animals. These Barbs—two stallions and a mare—will be here by the next ship from Beyrout. One of the stallions is said to be destined to a farm in Columbia County.

In the Maryland Senate, recently, Dr. Lynch of Baltimore County, offered an order appropriating $500 to the Colonization Society, to send Henry Winter Davis to Liberia. He prefaced the order with a few remarks, to the effect that Mr. Davis's loss would not be felt, and that he might find a wide field of labor, immortalize his name, and live honored and respected in the colony.

The Washington Statue Inauguration Committee was composed of Hunter, Hamlin, and Hammond, Senators; and Keitt, Adrain, Garnett, and Train, Representatives. In justice to the Hon. John Cochrane, it should be borne in mind that he was not a member of the Committee, and therefore is not at all responsible for the utter want of arrangement of that "Committee of Arrangements." When the Seventh Regiment reached Washington Mr. Cochrane was in Baltimore, consulting his physician. Immediately upon his return, in the evening, he called upon Colonel Lefferts, and finding that the proper attentions had not been shown the regiment, assured the commander that nothing should be left undone on the following day that he could do. The review of the regiment by the President, and an assignment to it of a place in the gallery of the House, were brought about by his personal exertions.

The Cape Ann (Mass.) *Advertiser* says that, during the heavy gale of the 16th ult., David Choate, while returning from that place to Essex, in a light chaise, found that he must either take in ballast or his chaise would be blown over; he accordingly arrived in Essex, with two great rocks, weighing over two hundred pounds, in the bottom of his chaise.

Colonel Forbes, of the Harper's Ferry "disclosures" notoriety, quitted New York for Liverpool in the early part of November last. He left in the ship *John Bright*, under an assumed name, wearing a false beard and mustache, and otherwise disguised, and gave out that he was going to Canada. His assigned reasons for recrossing the Atlantic were, first, an apprehension that he might receive a not-to-be-disputed requisition for his presence in Washington; second, that his personal safety, and even existence, was endangered by the enmity and apprehensions of the persons implicated by his "disclosures;" third, a disgust for all "humanitarians" and Yankees. He proposes remaining in London, there to await an opportunity for resuming his former avocation of amateur Italian patriot and revolutionist.

The Lynchburg *Virginian* says: "We were shown, on yesterday, a beautiful cane, gotten up by a gentleman of Bedford, to be presented to the Hon. H. A. Edmundson, as an appreciation of his conduct in 'switching' John Hickman, in the streets of Washington, the other day. The cane has a heavy silver head, upon which is engraved, 'To Hon. H. A. Edmundson, the man who whipped one of the eighteen million.'"

Gerrit Smith is making use of his returning health. He has retained Messrs. Sedgwick, Andrews, and Kennedy, of Utica, to commence suits in his behalf against Watts Sherman, Royal Phelps, and S. L. M. Barlow, prominent members of the notorious Fifth Avenue Hotel Democratic Committee. Fifty thousand dollars are the damages claimed in each case. There are twenty-eight other members of this Committee. We have not learned when they are to be sued, nor have we learned when the many publishers of the "Manifesto" are to be sued.

Mr. Clark Mills, author of the equestrian statue of Washington, is not a native of South Carolina, as stated, but of New York. He was in Charleston as an apprentice to a plasterer, for which trade he was destined by his relatives. He came to Washington on his way to Italy, where he was to study art, but was here engaged by a private association to make a bronze statue of Jackson, which stands in Lafayette Square. Congress voted him $20,000 as a compliment, on account of his success in that work, and gave him an order to make an equestrian statue of Washington, at a cost of $50,000.

The Lancaster (Penn.) *Express* says that the Hon. John Hickman is in a very precarious state of health. He came home from Washington, intending to return on Monday last, but his indisposition was found to be so serious that it was deemed unadvisable to undertake the journey, and his friends are fearful that he will not be able to resume his Congressional duties for some time.

The King of Siam has expressed his admiration of American character by naming his youngest son George Washington.

Some time since, Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati shipped to the care of the American Minister in London, Mr. Dallas, ten boxes of sparkling Catawba, and requested him to be so very good as to accept one box for his own use, and turn over the other nine to his wine-merchant, with instructions to sell them for what price he thought best, and account for the net proceeds to one Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, Ohio, direct. Mr. Dallas, however, returned the subjoined reply:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours is received, informing, etc. I can not approve of your procedure. I can not reconcile the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at this Court with those of a commission merchant. I shall not receive the wine, etc.

"Yours, etc., GEORGE M. DALLAS."

The *Australian Gazette* of November 16 says: "The All England Eleven are prepared to make a voyage to the antipodes with a view to competing with Australian cricketers. Private letters have been received in Melbourne from England, stating that upon certain terms 'The Eleven' will take so long an ocean voyage, on the understanding that they are to play a series of matches against the best teams the Australian continent can produce. The subject was to be very shortly brought before the public, and if the response be favorable negotiations will be at once entered into."

Mr. Frederick Whitehead, of this city, late of Buffalo, says the St. Louis *Bulletin*, who is engaged in Storm's shooting-gallery, on Fourth Street, bids fair to eclipse Travis himself, or even the world-renowned hero and patriot, William Tell. The other evening, while in the gallery, we saw him shoot an apple from the head of another gentleman, who stood at the distance of ten paces. What makes this feat a remarkable one is the fact that it was performed with a pistol and ball, and not with an air-gun, which is usually employed in shooting-galleries. The same gentleman stood off ten paces and held a seven-spot diamond card in his hand. Mr. Whitehead, with a pistol and ball, shot five spots out of the card.

On Friday last Dr. George B. Winship, of Boston, the lecturer on physical culture, lifted with his hands 1136 pounds, and is quite sanguine that within twenty days he will be able to raise with ease 1200 pounds.

General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, is dead. His age was 74 years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE CHURCH RIOTS.

THERE has been another disgraceful row at the church of St. George's-in-the-East, London, of which the preacher, the Rev. G. F. Lee, says: "When I entered the pulpit, walnut-shells, orange-peel, and small detonating crackers—some of which were let off during the service—were thrown at me; and a row of boys to my left, in the south gallery (headed by a man who, as I am informed, was once brought before the Thames magistrates for rioting, and treated with kind and liberal leniency) shot peas at my face through pea-shooters, so that I was compelled to protect my eyes with the sleeve of my surplice."

FRANCE.

THE ITALIAN IMBROGLIO.

We take from a dispatch addressed by the new Minister of Foreign Affairs in France the following extracts.

The English propositions were four in number, as follows:

"1. France and Austria should renounce henceforth any interference in the internal affairs of Italy, unless called upon by the unanimous assent of the great Powers.

"2. The Government of the Emperor should come to an understanding with the Holy Father to evacuate the Roman States when the organization of his army should allow it, and when our troops could be withdrawn from Rome without danger to the maintenance of order. Our army should also leave the north of Italy within a suitable period.

"3. The internal organization of Venetia should be excluded from the negotiations between the Powers.

"4. Finally, the King of Sardinia should be requested by the Government of the Emperor, and by that of her Britannic Majesty, acting in concert, not to send troops into Central Italy until those different States and Provinces should have, by a new vote of their Assemblies after a new election, solemnly declared their wishes; and should these Assemblies pronounce themselves in favor of the annexation, France and Great Britain should no longer object to the entrance of the Sardinian troops."

NON-INTERVENTION IN ITALY.

M. de Thouvenel adds:

"The first of the four English propositions could not, I told him, give rise to any difficulty. The principle of non-intervention is a national rule, the importance and authority of which no one appreciates more than we do; and, in our opinion, it constitutes one of the most essential elements of any serious and final settlement of the Italian question. If the Government of the Emperor intervened itself, it only did so ceding to imperious circumstances, because in the state of affairs in Italy its interests imposed the necessity upon it, and it always looked upon the term of its efforts in the Peninsula as the establishment of a political system of a nature to prevent any intervention in future. Our views in this respect have been publicly expressed by the Emperor himself on the most solemn occasions. The propositions of the English Government would, therefore, only give a diplomatic sanction to a wish as evidently sincere as it has been repeatedly renewed. I told Lord Cowley that the Government of His Majesty adhered to it without reserve. I added that our opinion on this point had never varied, and that we, therefore, should feel ourselves fully justified in acquiescing in it without entering into explanations with the other Cabinets.

FRANCE WANTS TO EVACUATE ROME.

"On the second point, to make known to the English embassador the views of the Government of the Emperor, I could also refer to its previous declarations, and especially to that of the first French Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Paris. Now, as then, we sincerely desire to put an end to the military occupation of the Roman States. The Government of his Majesty is also anxious to evacuate the Lombard Provinces, and thus to put an end to an armed intervention which the very principles of our policy urge us to make as short as possible. We therefore most willingly accept the English proposition as well as regards the Roman territory as Lombardy; but the proper moment for doing so is an important point, which, moreover, the English Government has not overlooked, and I have been enabled to make use of the very cautions which it recommends such a measure to be accompanied with, fully to establish that the evacuation of Rome ought necessarily to remain subordinate to the certainty that no serious danger should result therefrom to the safety of the Holy See, and that the evacuation of Lombardy should not take place until the joint consent, tacit or declared, of the great Powers should guarantee the new organization of Italy.

AND TO ACT FAIRLY IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS.

"Passing to the third proposition, I declared to the English Embassador that it did not appear to me to give rise to the objection, and that the Government of the Emperor can in principle but give its assent to it. I, however, observed to Lord Cowley that it appeared to us advisable to provide for the eventuality should Austria think it possible to negotiate private conditions by offering concessions to Venetia, and that in such case it would be well to reserve the right of examining the overtures which should be made by the Vienna Cabinet.

"As regards the fourth and last point, M. le Cómte, it touches upon an order of considerations which did not allow me to give at present a definitive answer, and I had to remind Lord Cowley of the position of the Government of the Emperor toward the other great Powers, especially toward Austria. It is impossible for us to disavow the obstacles which the provisions of the treaty of Zurich meet with. After having honestly exerted for many months its incessant efforts to facilitate their realization, the Government of the Emperor has come to the conclusion that it was difficult for it to entertain the hope of triumphing over those obstacles.

"It believes it may pay itself the just compliment of having fulfilled all its engagements in this respect. It is, moreover, disposed to consider the measures proposed by the English Government as well suited to effect a solution which would satisfy the great interests of Italy, and which contains guarantees of stability necessary for the general interests. These measures are in perfect keeping with the principles which form the bases of our institutions, and we should not be justified in challenging the efficiency when applied to other countries. But, whatever may be our opinion upon the value of the combination of which the Government of her Britannic Majesty takes the initiative, we regard ourselves as morally bound first to consult the Court of Austria on the subject. We must uphold the upright intentions of the Emperor, and the sincerity of his policy, above all suspicion; and, with the stipulations of Villafranca and of Zurich before us, we could not bind ourselves at once in a formal manner.

"If the uselessness of our counsels and endeavors has convinced us of the impossibility of restoring the authority of the deposed Princes, we are not the less bound to prevent any false interpretations, and to set aside all doubts, by redeeming first of all the word of France in straightforward explanations with the Court of Austria."

POLITICAL UNEASINESS.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* states that the opening of the session of the Senate and the Legislative body has been postponed till the 1st of March.

The Paris *Presse* had received its first warning, "for having mixed false news with most malevolent remarks, which wound the feelings of the nation, and are contrary to the real state of affairs."

The *Gazette de France* had received a second warning for an article which, "in disfiguring the history of France, calumniates the great act by which Napoleon I. re-established Catholic worship in France."

HOW LACORDAIRE GOT HIS SEAT IN THE ACADEMY.

Among the stories told of the canvassing in Paris for the seat in the French Academy, made vacant by the death of De Tocqueville, is the following by the Boston *Traveller's* correspondent:

"A lady, one of the most beautiful women in Paris, warmly advocated Father Lacordaire's claims to the vacant seat, intending her eloquence for the ear of an eminent member of the Academy, who happened to be in the room. In conclusion, she directly appealed to him to give the friar his vote. He replied: 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the most beautiful and most intellectual woman of her day, took a most active part in the canvass for Charles James Fox. In her zeal for the eminent orator she even went so far as to solicit in person the votes of the humblest freemen. She was of the greatest service to the Whig party; her winning beauty, her rank, and the splendor of her equipage, made her indeed an irresistible advocate. In the height of the canvass she appealed to a butcher for his vote. He said she might have it if she would allow him to kiss her. She accepted his terms. He kissed her. Fox got his vote.' The advocate of Friar Lacordaire understood the apologue, and holding out her cheek to the very celebrated, but very ugly academician, said: 'Take your price!' The bribe was instantly taken. Finally, the Reverend Father secured his triumphant election."

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Le Nord says that the reply of Austria to the English propositions for the settlement of the Italian question had reached Paris. Count Rechberg states that Austria can not retract from the engagements of Villafranca and Zurich, and therefore can not admit, *de jure*, facts contrary to those engagements and the treaty between France and Austria. He observes that if the treaty of Zurich is respected in Venetia, why should it not also be respected in the Italian Duchies? If the propositions of England are carried out, it is a great experiment that is about to be made in Central Italy. Austria will not oppose that experiment by force of arms, convinced that events will not fail soon to give support to the cause, if right, and justify Austria.

A Berlin telegram on the same subject says that Austria had declared her resolution not to abandon the basis of the agreement of Villafranca; that she will not promise an absolute non-intervention in Central Italy; and that, should no Congress take place, she will only negotiate with France.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch, Prince Gorchakoff had informed the French Government that Russia does not consider the English proposals to be altogether a solution of the Italian difficulty; and that a real understanding could only result from a Conference of the Five Great Powers. It is said that the French Embassador had expressed to Prince Gorchakoff the readiness of his Government to adhere to the proposals of Russia.

Reports had been circulated in Paris of an approaching Conference of the Four Great Powers (without Austria) relative to the English proposals, but they are stated to be without foundation. Doubt is also thrown on the assertion of *Le Nord* that the reply of Austria had reached Paris.

A Berlin dispatch says that Prussia would probably refuse to give her adhesion to the English proposals.

IS GARIBALDI MARRIED?

Respecting Garibaldi, private letters from Turin again contradict the fact of his marriage with Mademoiselle Raimondi, which is once more going the rounds. A Garibaldi has indeed married a Mademoiselle Raimondi, but it is Garibaldi, Jun. The fact is, while the *Globe* and other papers were representing him in the rather ridiculous light of an old fellow of sixty marrying a girl of sixteen, Garibaldi was miles away, with a sporting party, in the little island of Capraja, shooting wild goats.

HOLLAND.

ANOTHER THELLUSSON WILL.

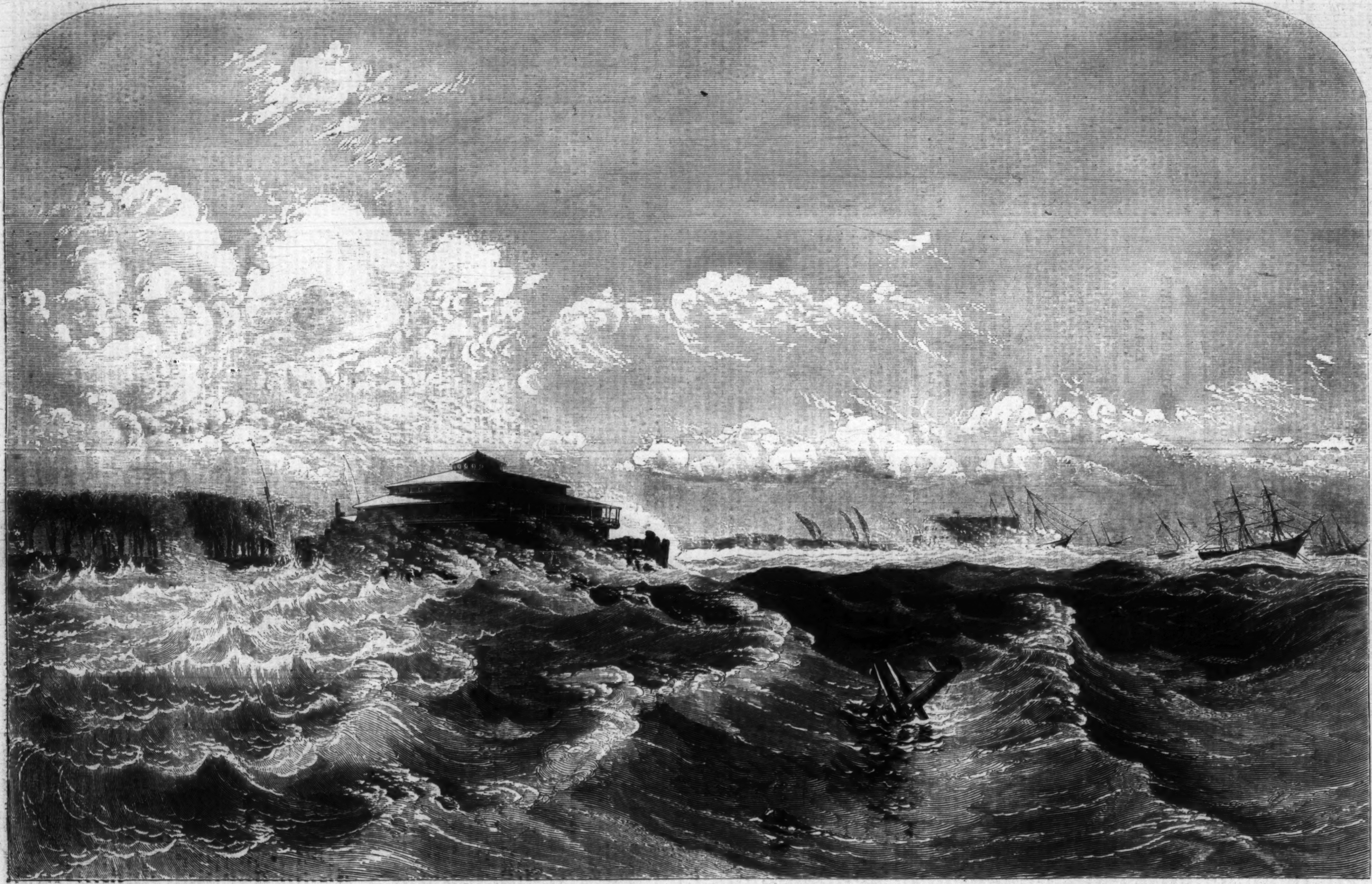
The Dutch papers are now discussing an extraordinary will, made at Amsterdam 150 years ago, by a Jew named Jacob Pereyra. Out of his immense wealth he allowed only 20,000 guilders annually to his widow and children. The remainder, consisting of securities then considered safe, he left in trust to the wardens of his synagogue, who, after 150 years, rendering an account of their stewardship before the judges, were to devote 100,000 guilders to the endowment of a certain charity, and then to divide the remainder in equal proportion between his heirs. The 150 years will expire in February, 1861, and the descendants are summoned to appear at Amsterdam on the 7th of June next, to receive an account of the trust. The formalities of the law are, of course, complied with, but it is well known that, as in the English case of Thellusson, the result will be a disappointment to the heirs, for the accumulation will hardly be sufficient to meet the first charge of the endowment. The greater portion of the securities, which for more than 50 years after his death paid 40 per cent., are said to have become almost worthless. The bankruptcy of the East India Company in 1775, the revolution and French invasion in 1795, the loss of colonies and trade, war taxes, and annexation to France, impaired their value, while the settlement of the national debt at the Restoration in 1813 completed the ruin. The wealth of Pereyra, instead of attaining in 150 years the colossal dimensions expected by the testator, has shrunk into a mere nothing, illustrating once more the lesson so impressively taught by the Thellusson will.

CANADA.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Canadian Parliament opened on 28th ult. at Quebec with the usual ceremonies.

The Governor's speech announces that a reply has been received from the Queen of England to the invitation of the last session of Parliament, and that the Prince of Wales may be expected to visit Canada during the coming summer. He refers to the satisfactory arrangements for the transmission of the European and American mails by the Canadian steamers; speaks of the settlement of the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, and of the consolidation of the Municipal law of Lower Canada, congratulates Parliament on the issue of the consolidated statutes of Canada; calls attention to the law of debtor and creditor, and to the present system of currency and banking rates, with a view to further legislation—also to the administration of the Crown lands; congratulates the House on having surmounted the financial difficulties; says that papers will be laid before the House with reference to the consolidation of the public debt, and the recent success of the Minister of Finance in attaining this object; says that the commercial depression has diminished credit, but impresses on the Government the necessity of strict economy; asks the requisite provisions for the public service; finds a subject of congratulation in the bountiful harvest of last season, and the present signs of revival of commerce; trusts that the marks of returning prosperity may continue to increase, and that law and order may be maintained, and rejoices that but few subjects of a broad and important character remain requiring immediate legislation.



THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.—By C. Parsons, Esq.

THE GALE OF FEBRUARY TENTH IN NEW YORK BAY.

We publish on the opposite page an engraving of the gale of 10th February in the Bay of New York, showing those ancient landmarks, Castle Garden and Castle William. As the initiated will readily understand, it would have been impossible to publish the engraving sooner, and, at the same time, to do justice to Mr. Parsons's admirable design. The following description of the gale we abridge from the New York *Herald:*

"About ten o'clock on the evening of 9th the wind, which during the day had been blowing gently from the southwest, veered round to the west, and finally to the northwest, from which point it began to rush with great fierceness. A light fall of snow occurred about the same time, lasting for fifteen minutes, when a shower of rain fell, and the whole sky became overclouded, as if with a black pall. The wind increased in violence all the time, and the sombre aspect of the heavens likewise continued until midnight, when the sky cleared off splendidly, and the moon and stars shone out with unusual splendor.

"The temperature changed almost as suddenly as the wind—a cold, sharp, biting frost immediately taking the place of the pleasant warmth that prevailed during the day time. From twelve o'clock until daylight the storm blew fearfully, and one of the most terrific hurricanes experienced in this neighborhood for years swept over the city, whistling through the keyholes, howling through the chimneys, shaking the windows, and even houses, and making altogether such discord as rendered sleep entirely out of the question, and frightened nervous people almost out of their senses. It was emphatically a fearful storm; and the wonder is that half the frail, insecure structures abounding all over the city were not tumbled down on the sidewalks and roads, with the customary loss of life usual on such occasions. As it was, the roaring of the wind, slapping of the shutters, and tossing and tumbling of badly secured signs and awnings, occasioned a din and uproar scarcely inferior to that which we may suppose would have resulted had an earthquake, instead of merely a furious puff from old Boreas, taken place.

"The storm did not abate during the whole of the 10th, and the scene presented in the streets of this city, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Williamsburg, and Jersey City can be more easily imagined than described. The roofs of several houses were found to be completely blown away, sometimes a distance of several hundred feet; innumerable chimneys dashed to pieces; awnings, signs, railings, fences, and lamp-posts rent, torn, and scattered in every direction; trees uprooted, broken glass glittering on the sidewalks, shutters unhinged and smashed to atoms, and small wooden stands of every description knocked into the most irreparable ruin.

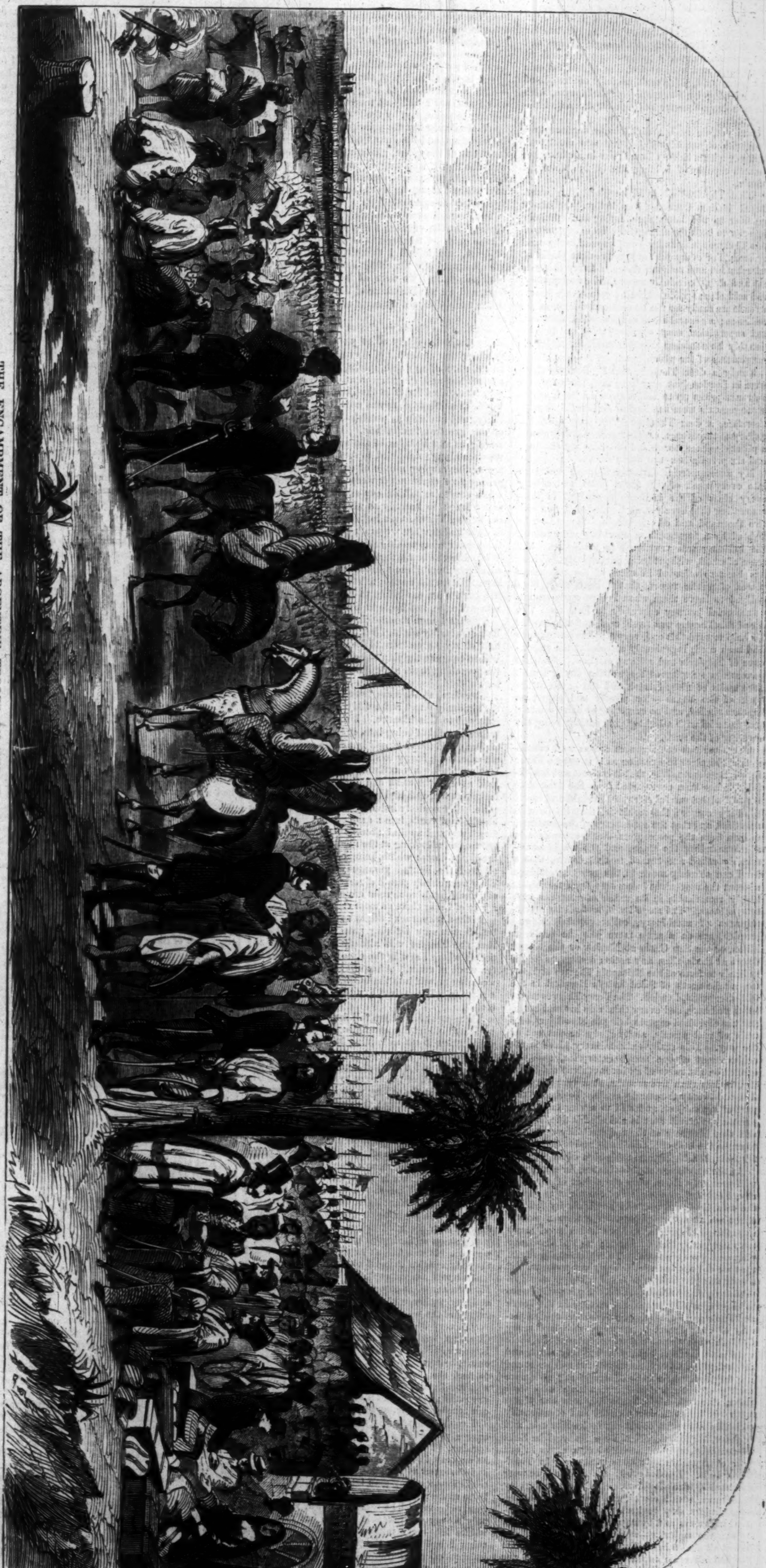
"About ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th the storm swept so violently along Broadway that pieces of timber, stones, and large lumps of frozen clay were hurled by the wind into the door-ways and against the magnificent store-windows, with an effect it is unnecessary to describe."

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. J. K. Keffer of United States steamer *Pulaski* (late *Metacomet*), an engraving of the encampment of the Argentine troops on the River Tigre, awaiting the arrival of the vessels which were to convey them to Rosario.

The war between General Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, and the Province of Buenos Ayres was brought to a close, and a treaty of peace signed on the 11th November, 1859, the Province coming into the Confederation, as one of the States thereof. By a stipulation of the treaty General Urquiza engaged to have his troops removed out of the Province of Buenos Ayres within fifteen days, and the landing on the River Tigre, a short distance above the anchorage of the United States steamer *Pulaski*, was selected as the place of embarkation. Early on Sunday morning, the 13th, the troops began to arrive, and by noon of the same day the vast plain lying between the river and the town of San Fernando was covered with cavalry and infantry (numbering 18,000 men) awaiting the arrival of the vessels chartered to convey them to Rosario.

The cavalry in their flaming red dresses, with myriads of gay pennons of the same color fluttering from beneath the glittering spear-heads of their lances, as they galloped hither and thither, or seated, *en bivouac*, round the camp fires, relieved by the dark blue of the infantry, drawn up in long lines, with thousands of horses and cattle grazing about, formed quite a picturesque, brilliant, and animated scene. The above sketch represents General Urquiza, seated by a tree, with some of the officers of his staff round him, and orderlies standing by, ready to convey orders. The centre of the foreground is taken up with groups of mounted men, in their peculiar costume, *fully equipped*, and some of Urquiza's officers, African, native, and European. The party on the left, roasting beef, boiling *yerba* tea, and playing cards. Apulparee, on a high knoll, fills up the back-ground on the right, and the troops, drawn up in line for roll call, the centre and left.



THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS ON THE TIGRE.—[From a Sketch by J. K. Keffer, Esq., U. S. Steamer "Pulaski."]

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. III.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighborhood of Covent Garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighborhood which has seen better days that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited when damp breaks forth. Those wonderful houses about Drury Lane Theatre, which in the palmy days of theatres were prosperous and long-settled places of business, and which now change hands every week, but never change their character of being divided and subdivided on the ground-floor into mouldy dens of shops where an orange and half a dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigar-box, are offered for sale and never sold, were most ruefully contemplated that evening by the statue of Shakspeare, with the rain-drops coursing one another down its innocent nose.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within half an hour I was in an immense theatre capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to the latter for hearing in; infinitely superior to both for seeing in. To every part of this Theatre spacious fire-proof ways of ingress and egress. For every part of it convenient places of refreshment and retiring rooms. Every thing to eat and drink carefully supervised as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest women in the audience; a general air of consideration, decorum, and supervision, most commendable; an unquestionably humanizing influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a dear Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half a guinea a head, whose arrangements were not half so civilized. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A gallery at threepence, another gallery at fourpence, a pit at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling, and six private boxes at half a crown.

My uncommercial curiosity induced me to go into every nook of this great place, and among every class of the audience assembled in it—amounting that evening, as I calculated, to about two thousand and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted by a firmament of sparkling chandeliers, the building was ventilated to perfection. My sense of smell, without being particularly delicate, has been so offended in some of the commoner places of public resort, that I have often been obliged to leave them when I have made an uncommercial journey expressly to look on. The air of this Theatre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To help toward this end, very sensible precautions had been used, ingeniously combining the experience of hospitals and railway stations. Asphalte pavements substituted for wooden floors, honest bare walls of glazed brick and tile—even at the back of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no benches stuffed, and no carpeting or baize used: a cool material with a light glazed surface being the covering of the seats.

These various contrivances are as well considered in the place in question as if it were a Fever Hospital; the result is, that it is sweet and healthful. It has been constructed from the ground to the roof with a careful reference to sight and sound in every corner; the result is, that its form is beautiful, and that the appearance of the audience, as seen from the proscenium—with every face in it commanding the stage, and the whole so admirably raked and turned to that centre, that a hand can scarcely move in the great assemblage without the movement being seen from thence—is highly remarkable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage, height, and breadth, are on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris, than any notion a stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of Saint Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of real camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building, in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the spectators at this theatre, for a reason I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two thousand and odd hundreds by looking about me at my neighbors. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion, of family groups, would be to make a gross misstatement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The caps of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who wore them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hands in our pockets, and occasionally twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and occasionally tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a screw in our hair over each cheek bone with a slight Thief-flavor in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-laborers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and byways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for through any body's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order, and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half past six with a pantomime—with a pantomime so long that before it was over I felt as if I had been traveling for six weeks—going to India, say, by the Overland Mail. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the Introduction, and the Four Quarters of the World came out of the globe, glittering, and discoursed with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no Liberty any where but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact.

The Pantomime was succeeded by a Melo-Drama. Throughout the evening I was pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and indeed I thought rather more so. We all agreed (for the time) that honesty was the best policy, and we were as hard as iron upon Vice, and we wouldn't hear of Villainy getting on in the world—no, not upon any consideration whatever.

Between the pieces we almost all of us went out and refreshed. Many of us went the length of drinking beer at the bar of the neighboring public-house, some of us drank spirits, crowds of us had sandwiches and ginger-beer at the refreshment-bars established for us in the Theatre. The sandwich—as substantial as was consistent with portability, and as cheap as possible—we hailed as one of our greatest institutions. It forced its way among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the varying moods of our nature was surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell on our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we choked with sandwich; Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so deformed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in boots, to sever Innocence in flowered chintz from Honest Industry in striped stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich, to help us through the rain and mire, and home to bed.

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my uncommercial journey; for its object was to compare the play on Saturday evening with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to this Theatre. I drove up to the entrance (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and found myself in a large crowd of people who, I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to look at but the mud and the closed doors, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of yards, into a dark corner, they at once forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the mud and looking in at the closed doors: which, being of grated iron-work, allowed the lighted passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, odd and impulsive as most crowds are, and making a joke of being there as most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat a long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people whom I saw in the street were all shut out for want of room. After that I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Carefully estimating the pit alone, I could bring it out as holding little less than fourteen hundred. Every part of the house was well filled, and I had not found it easy to make my way along the back of the boxes to where I sat. The chandeliers in the ceiling were lighted; there was no light on the stage; the orchestra was empty. The green curtain was down, and packed pretty closely on chairs on the small space of stage before it were some thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In the centre of these, in a desk or pulpit covered with red baize, was the presiding minister. The kind of rostrum he occupied will be very well understood if I liken it to a boarded-up fire-place turned toward the audience, with a gentleman in a black surtout standing in the stove and leaning forward over the mantle-piece.

A portion of Scripture was being read when I went in. It was followed by a discourse, to which the congregation listened with most exemplary attention and uninterrupted silence and decorum. My own attention comprehended both the auditory and the speaker, and shall turn to both in this recalling of the scene, exactly as it did at the time.

"A very difficult thing," I thought, when the discourse began, "to speak appropriately to so large an audience, and to speak with tact. Without it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better to read the New Testament well, and to let *that* speak. In this congregation there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one."

I could not possibly say to myself as the discourse proceeded that the minister was a good speaker. I could not possibly say to myself that he expressed an understanding of the general mind and character of his audience. There was a supposititious working-man introduced into the homily to make supposititious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than any thing I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my uncommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner any thing but agreeable to his feelings I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a model pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to show himself in absolute want and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the Gospel of humility? A gentleman met him in the work-house, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), "Ah, John! I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor." "Poor, Sir!" replied that man, drawing himself up, "I am the son of a Prince! *My* father is the King of Kings. *My* father is the Lord of Lords. *My* father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!" etc. And this was what all the preacher's fellow-sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my own feelings of reverence to see held out at arm's-length at frequent intervals, and soundingly slapped, like a slow lot at a sale. Now, could I help asking myself the question, whether the mechanic before me, who must detect the preacher as being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about such a noisy lip-server as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the usefulness of the occasion, doubt that preacher's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually as "fellow-sinners?" Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these. Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a personage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been personally known to the preacher, and had been quite a Crichton in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on that subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. But he fell ill, and died, and before he died he recorded his conversion—in words which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from this piece of paper. I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought their tone extremely selfish, and I thought they had a spiritual vanity in them which was of the before-mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All slangs and twangs are objectionable every where, but the slang and twang of the conventicle—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and nothing worse can be said of it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The avoidance was not complete on this occasion. Nor was it quite agreeable to see the preacher addressing his pet "points" to his backers on the stage, as if appealing to those disciples to shore him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a clincher.

But in respect of the large Christianity of his general tone; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to the people that the commonest among them could work out their own salvation if they would, by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following our Saviour, and that they needed the mediation of no erring man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, or the plain emphatic words of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that whenever he struck that chord, or whenever he described any thing which Christ himself had done, the array of faces before him was very much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now I am brought to the fact, that the lowest part of the audience of the previous night *was not there*. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing in that building that Sunday evening. I have been told since that the lowest part of the audience of the Victoria Theatre has been attracted to its Sunday services. I have been very glad to hear it, but on this occasion of which I write the lowest part of the usual audience of the Britannia Theatre decidedly and unquestionably staid away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in identifying the character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, while the discourse was in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance that when the minister addressed a supposititious "outcast," one really felt a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by any thing the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated, in a few sensible words, that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung could go now without giving offense. No one stirred. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these Sunday meetings in Theatres are good things I do not doubt. Nor do I doubt that they will work lower and lower down in the social scale, if those who preside over them will be very careful on two heads: firstly, not to disparage the places in which they speak, or the intelligence of their hearers; secondly, not to set themselves in antagonism to the natural inborn desire of the mass of mankind to recreate themselves and to be amused.

There is a third head, taking precedence of all others, to which my remarks on the discourse I heard have tended. In the New Testament there is the most beautiful and affecting history conceivable by man, and there are the terse models for all prayer and for all preaching. As to the models, imitate them, Sunday preachers—else why are they there, consider? As to the history, tell it. Some people can not read, some people will not read, many people (this especially holds among the young and ignorant) find it hard to pursue the verse-form in which the book is presented to them, and imagine that those breaks imply gaps and want of continuity. Help them over that first stumbling-block by setting forth the history in narrative, with no fear of exhausting it. You will never preach so well, you will never move them so profoundly, you will never send them away with half so much to think of. Which is the better interest: Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected, or the pious bullying of a whole Union-full of paupers? What is your changed philosopher to wretched me, peeping in at the door out of the mud of the streets and of my life, when you have the widow's son to tell me about, the ruler's daughter, the other figure at the door when the brother of the two sisters was dead, and one of the two ran to the mourner, crying, "The Master is come and calleth for thee?" Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre any Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

WHITE CATS.

Albinism in man and in the inferior animals has been always attended by peculiar traits of character and constitution; but in no animal, except the cat, has it been accompanied with *deafness*.

Dr. Sichel, a French naturalist, communicated the fact, some years ago, that, after many observations and experiments, he had found that cats with perfectly white coats and blue eyes are invariably *deaf!* Make any sound you will near them, except such as are of a nature to convey vibrations—as shaking the ground, striking the floor with a hammer—and the animal will remain perfectly indifferent. Crack a whip as loudly as you will, imitate the barking of a dog, clap the hands—in fact, make any noise except such as may convey vibrations, and the result will be the same—indifference on the part of the animal.

If, however, there is the smallest spot of black, brown, or gray on the coat of the cat, or if the iris be any other color than blue, or grayish-blue, then the power of hearing will be the same as in another animal.

This naturalist had a cat, which he procured while a kitten; the coat was perfectly white, and the eyes were perfectly blue. This cat, which at sight of a dog made off with rapidity, paid not the slightest attention to his barking if she did not see him. At the end of a few months the iris became of a deeper color, and the cat began to show signs of attention when a bell was sharply rung about a yard from her ear. But unfortunately the further progress of the experiment was interrupted by the death of poor puss, she having been worried in the street by a dog whose barking she had not heard.

Professor Hevsinger, a German, has drawn attention to another extraordinary peculiarity of white animals; viz., their inability to resist the injurious effects of external agents, which to other animals are perfectly harmless.

And we are told by Carillo, by Marinosci di Martini, and by Menni di Lecce, that in Naples and Sicily eating of *Hypericum crispum*, or, as it is called there, *Fumulo*, acted perniciously on *white*, but not on black sheep; causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to supervene in a couple of weeks. On this account, in Tarentino, where this plant is very common, *black* sheep alone are kept.

Spinola, in his work on the Diseases of Swine, says that buckwheat, *Polygonum fagopyrum*, if eaten at its time of flowering, causes diseases in white and partially white swine, which are not produced by the same agent in black animals.

Another fact bearing upon the point of the inferiority of white animals, in strength and power of resistance, to otherwise harmless agents, is related by a Mr. Youatt. He says: "A cow, for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became bald in every part of the white surface. On these parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy." A similar fact is related by a veterinary surgeon named Erdt.

To this day, in Ireland, the thrifty housewife will always call out for the white calf to be killed; and if you ask her why—little versed in Natural History, but shrewd enough in experimental observation—she remarks, "The white calf is ever dawny [sickly], and the white cow is a bad milker."

A few years ago there was a dinner-party given in the city of Dublin by an eminent dignitary of the Church, famed for learning and eccentricity; and in the course of the evening, during the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the host proposed the following strange conundrum: "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?"

Taken aback at once by the strange simplicity of the question, which, on account of the well-known ability of the interrogator, was supposed to involve a most intricate maze of solution, not one of the noble, learned, and accomplished guests could give an answer! They were fairly nonplused. Said the Archbishop: "Do you give it up? Do you give it up, Miss Lind?" (for the world-famed and accomplished cantatrice was present.) "Do you give it up, my Lord Chief Justice? Do you give it up, Mr. Vice-Provost? What! all give it up? Well, then, it is *because there are more of them!*"

THE SNOW IS COMING DOWN.

Hey! boy, hitch up the chestnut mare,
The snow is coming down;
From every street the clang of bells
Is waking up the town.
Is waking up the town, my boy,
Is waking up the town;
So, please the Lord, we'll ring a chime
For snow while coming down.

Jump in, my own, my Fannie dear,
The mare is fresh and new;
She's good for two, short, forty-six;
I named her after you.
We'll show the eager, staring crowd
The very reason why
That nags were made to travel fast,
And feathery flakes to fly.

By Jove! the town is far behind!
Sit closer, love, to me;
We whirl so quickly by the slows,
They haven't time to see.
You'll not object—I know you won't—
To this arm, gently—so;
Because—I love you, Fannie dear;
You knew it long ago.

How spotlessly the hills are dressed
In all their silver sheen!
Fair brides, encrowned with flowers of white,
With peeping leaves between.
So, Fannie darling, will I crown
The one that I love best;
The dearest girl in all the world,
Whose head is on my breast.

Keep close, my love, beneath the robes,
The flakes are falling still;
Draw nearer, nearer to my heart,
You know the wind is chill.
Now, darling, press your lips to mine,
One long-drawn kiss of love;
While fleecy snow lies white below,
And skies look black above.

Fly on, my noble steed! you bear
My fortunes on your wing.
My buds of hope, beneath the robes,
Are sweetly blossoming.
To me the hours so swiftly go,
They seem like specks of time,
When dancing flakes the music wakes
Of merry sleigh-bells' chime.

Fly on, my gallant steed! two hearts
Are flying in your track;
Of two you bore so boldly forth
But one you'll carry back.
For, Fannie darling, you and I
Beneath these robes are one;
The old life goes as melts the snows,
The new life has begun.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD SHIP "ANN."

On the twenty-fifth of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, I, Thomas Jefferson Adams, mariner, of Philadelphia, signed articles with John Owen, captain and owner of the ship *Ann*, bound from that port for Liverpool, with a full cargo of cheese and flour. At the request of certain persons, who have at times heard part of the story, I am going now to set down what befell me on that voyage. And every word is as true as the tides that ebb and flow day after day, and year after year, forever and ever.

There were fourteen of us besides the Captain, all told. He was a bluff, true-hearted sailor and a good man, with a wife as much like him as one person can be like another; and when he was at home, as pretty a half-dozen children climbed about him as it ever warmed a man's heart to see. The mate was a more reserved and distant man, but a good sailor, and did his duty always. The crew were all experienced hands, and worked with a will. I was the youngest on board, being then nineteen. I will not describe myself—those who know me don't need that I should, and there's no use in putting down words that never did yet paint the face of man or woman. The ship was nearly new. The season was favorable. And as our sails turned and filled before a pleasant breeze, while the golden sunshine danced upon the waters, and the green hills and trees and fields were all covered with the glories of summer dawning brighter every day, we all burst forth with "Hail Columbia," as if by way of good-by to home for but a little while.

We had two passengers. Mistress Dartford and her only daughter, Grace, were bound on a visit to the old country, where they had relations, and were entitled to some little property which it was needful they should see to themselves, Mistress Dartford's husband being dead. Our Captain was a friend of the family, and so came to offer her the passage and his own cabin for their use. The mother was a stern old lady enough, and didn't seem likely to make herself very much at home with us. But Miss Grace—well, that's twenty years ago, but her brown hair waves as softly over her brow as it did then, her kind-looking brown eyes look as tender and loving as they did then, and her gentle voice is as low and sweet as it was when, on that spring afternoon, it mingled sweetly with our rough chorus as we sang farewell, when we set out on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*. What harm could befall a ship with such an angel on board, was the thought of all of us as she stood at the stern watching the shore as it gradually sunk down in the west—with her pretty curls and the gay ribbons of her hat fluttering together in the wind. But harm did befall us, as shall presently be told.

For eleven days that breeze never slackened, nor did the weather change. We all had a pleasant time. Miss Grace and I soon got acquainted, partly, I suppose, because when she asked the Captain all our names, he called me a likely lad, and, pinching my ear, told her that he had known my father, who was drowned at sea years before, and that his wife and my mother were girls together, which was all quite true. That very evening I had grown intimate enough to make her up a seat on deck, and tell her one or two wild stories I had heard of life at sea, of shipwrecks and storms, and of love born amidst danger and death from winds and waves, or amidst fire and flashing steel; and I was with her most of the time all those eleven days, for there was not much to do. I forgot to say that she and I were of an age, but her ways were so much older than mine that I almost looked upon her as a woman grown before whom I was but a rough sailor boy. It is true she told me not to call her Miss, but only plain Grace, but I never forgot to for all that.

Well, we went on thus, as I said before, for eleven days—eleven happy days. On the twelfth certain signs known to seamen began to show that a change was at hand. A strange feeling in the air—wind dropped—all but a kind of sighing among the ropes and spars—a few ash-colored clouds in the horizon—that was all. But the Captain called me to him, and said he, "Tom, there's dirty weather over there. We shall have it within an hour's time. Now, I'll leave the ladies to you—mind they don't be frightened or get into any hurt." I said I would do my best, and I did.

Presently the cloud, at first "no bigger than a man's hand," rose up and spread over all the sky. The water changed, as it always does, from blue to black, and an indescribable gloom seemed to rest upon all nature. None but those who have seen and felt it know what a mysterious pause seems to take place before the tempest hurls its first stroke at the devoted ship. It actually seems as if the sea and sky almost dreaded to begin the dreadful conflict that would convulse both as if with terror and rage.

We had not long to wait. There was barely time to make all fast, to double-reef every sail, and to fasten down the hatches before the fierce wind was sweeping over the water, and covering the tops of the waves with foam, and bending our ship down till her main-yard nearly dipped into the raging sea. One moment we were tossed like a dead leaf before an autumn gale; then up, up, higher, higher upon a world of water, from whose summit we could see all the sea and sky roaring and wrestling in wild confusion; then down, down till hope and life seemed shut out by the hills and precipices of water that hung over us and shut us in; then the hill of water that had rolled on toward us toppled over and fell, beating us down as a drowning rat is beaten down to die, while every man clung to ropes or spars till the ship rose and, shaking the water from her decks, staggered on bravely, bravely. That was twenty years ago, but I see the scene now with all its wild terrors. I also see a form that never left the deck for hours, a face that never blanched with fear all that night. She would not go below; I could not make her do so. At least she begged so hard to be let stay on deck that I wrapped her up in one of our coats, and gave her a tarpaulin hat, which she tied on, and then lashed her fast to a spar and there she staid. There all that night she staid, and when even the stout old Captain looked grave, and a wreck drifted past—a confused mass of wood and sails and cordage—she never quailed, but stood looking straight ahead with her curls dripping with the salt waves. Once she shrieked and hid her face—a tremendous sea had swept over us, and when we came out of it one man was gone. All we could see of his fate, though we knew what it was too well, was a floating object like clothes borne away into the darkness—all we could hear was one cry that was drowned by the din around as soon as his drowning terror made him utter it.

Then Miss Grace shrieked and begged me to take her below, where she wept bitterly, whispering to herself, oh, cruel, cruel sea!

But our ship was spared. The good ship *Ann* weathered the gale. The next morning the rising sun poured his flood of golden light athwart the waters, the blue sky looked calm; and the only signs of last night's storm were the rolling billows which seemed to heave and swell like the bosom of a sobbing child, and the vacant place of our poor messmate, who we should never see more, and to whose poor young wife we should have to tell the news when we came home.

We soon forget troubles, however, and that *very* afternoon Miss Grace and her mother took their usual seat on deck—I talking all the nonsense I could to make them cheerful. How I succeeded may be judged from the fact that hours after the moon rose we were there still.

Another day came. And on the morning of that day came the great trouble which befell us all on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

That next morning we had all had breakfast, and were washing the decks, when Miss Grace ran up the cabin stairs and came to me in a great state of fright. When she could speak she whispered that I was to come below and see what was the matter—what she could not tell, but something dreadful she was sure—for her cabin was swarming with rats! I went down, and true enough there they were, running as if wild all about, or crouching in heaps in the corners.

Mrs. Dartford was calm enough, but her manner frightened me most of all. She desired me to fetch the Captain—for there was great danger—"lose not a moment," she added, "and, young man, recover your nerves—you will have need of all your courage and skill—God help us all." The Captain came. I saw in a moment what the lady meant. The good ship *Ann* had sprung a leak, and while we stood there more rats crowded up from the hold into which the water was pouring like a sieve.

No efforts with the pumps could save us. The ship had been too much damaged evidently for us to look for escape except by the boats.

All hands were summoned, and in a few manly words told what had happened, and that the boats were our only chance. All hands set about preparing them without a murmur, and as if without fear.

We had two boats, and were thus distributed: in one, the Captain, the ladies, and five men, besides myself. In the other, the mate and six men. Each boat was provided with stores of salt meat and biscuit, water and spirits; each was a strong sea-going boat, such as all of us might well be thankful to possess. Within one hour from the discovery of the leak we were all embarked and lay at a short distance from the ship. It was not long before she gave a lurch and roll, and then went down headforemost. It was not till then that we realized the loneliness of our situation, gazing upon the few eddying sticks which marked the grave of the good ship *Ann*.

Well, we had orders not to separate and to steer for the Newfoundland coast. No fear that we would if we could help it. But God forgive the man, whoever he was, by whose forgetfulness it came to pass that we were thus adrift in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without compass, or chart, or oars.

I said we were to keep together. We did so for three days and nights. On the fourth day we saw a sail, which only just lifted above the horizon and then sank again. That day the mate, who was in the other boat, fell ill, and we could hear him raving in delirious madness all the next night. In the morning he was not in the boat. Two days more—two dreary days, during which we saw another sail, which only just showed itself long enough to make us sick with hope deferred. In the evening the other boat's crew hailed us, and inquired whether we had any brandy. We gave them all we could spare—about two quarts. And then the darkness came down once more—oh, that darkness, how fearful, how hopeless it was!

Before the day dawned again we heard yells and cries of rage across the water; other sounds impossible to describe told plainly of a deadly conflict which we had no power to check, helpless as we were ourselves. Next morning when we looked for her she was gone. None of us spoke, but all knew full well that our wretched comrades had swamped their boat in the night and were all drowned.

Seven days were gone—seven weary days. On the seventh one of our number began to rave just as the mate had done, and flung himself suddenly overboard.

Eight days were gone. On the eighth the Captain told us we must be put on half rations. We all prayed together that day—it was Sunday. There was no sail, nor help, nor hope yet.

Two more days passed. An old man, the oldest of the crew, an able sailor in spite of his age, fell ill. He begged the Captain to bleed him—he dreaded fever. This was done; and in the night he tore off his bandage, and died in a pool of blood at the bottom of the boat.

We were now restricted to four ounces of food each a day. A quart of water was all that each could be spared.

The next five days passed over like a dream. Few of us spoke much, and when we looked at each other it was with a kind of apathetic despair. Our number was now less. One more had been committed to the deep.

At last we began to starve. How the two ladies bore up was the wonder of us all; but at length Mrs. Dartford told us she could not hold out much longer, and she began to fade away every hour before our eyes. Miss Grace sat with her mother's head in her lap, white as a sheet but cheerful. But I could see that she, too, was failing; and sure enough she fainted as the sun went down, and lay as like death as a living woman could be. It was a mercy that she did so. For before day broke her poor mother had been taken from her, and with reverent words and tender care we had committed the poor worn body to the deep. I then covered Miss Grace's head, and held her resting in my arms till she should wake and I could whisper such consolation as a poor dying fellow-creature could offer. Thus, hour after hour, did I hold her to my breast till she came to herself. She only shivered and crept closer to me, and when I kissed her pale lips only smiled faintly. She had seen her mother's vacant place, but life had grown to be so like death that it seemed almost natural that she should be gone.

Twenty-seven days had gone by. We were now but five altogether—Miss Grace, the Captain, and two besides myself. We all knew that our time was coming fast, for we were all too feeble to help ourselves or each other, and all would be over soon. As to thoughts of rescue we never seemed to dream of it, but lay feeble and speechless.

I never knew when or how it was—for I became insensible myself for many hours—but when I came to myself, there was Miss Grace leaning over me and moistening my lips with a handkerchief wet with rain. I think that rain saved both our lives. We were then alone—alone without any to see or aid us. All the rest had gone. I asked no questions, but feebly pressing her to me—she was all the world to me now—resigned myself to die.

Total eclipse of sight—no speech for each other—hardly a pulse left in our hearts—all was over at last.

But not all over. For when I woke, as I did from a sleep which was not like sleep, strange figures flitted round me, and new voices whispered he is coming to himself.

And so I was. And I was saved. But what of Miss Grace? Those round me told me she was safe. I should see her soon.—"Did I understand them?" Oh, yes! I understood them well—for the wandering eyes, they told me afterward, closed peacefully and I slept again.

Oh, blessed waking! Whose soft tresses touched my face, as I lay, half fearing to open my eyes for fear I should scare the blessed vision away? Whose soft breath mingled with mine—whose warm lips pressed mine—whose dear form was once bending down lower, and lower, until the heart that beat, I knew, for me was throbbing against my own—whose happy tears fell from her loving eyes?

Yes, I never doubted. Out of that great peril had grown love between us two—mighty, enduring love. No need to tell it. We both knew it well.

What need for more? We were saved, and were in good time safe at home. God bless the sailor who first saw us, a speck on the wide ocean! God bless the brave crew who saved us! They come and see us still, though that was twenty years ago; and when they come, they see a dear woman whom I never called Miss Grace after our rescue from our great peril in that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH A FAMILY TREE IS CLIMBED, WITH PECULATIVE INTENTIONS.

The Main Street of Cheswick roars with a roar that imitates that of Broadway as the roar of a little boy in tears imitates that of a big lion in displeasure. The Main Street of Cheswick is also bustling. A nervous thrill of market wagons and trotting sulkies—for there are both a race-course and a farming district neighboring—runs through it all day.

But about twenty rods above the Bank a little alley lets out of this hurly-burly, passing, under an archway between two of the oldest moss-shingled houses, so unobtrusively that the casual passer might very naturally suppose it some private entrance with the gate left unlatched by accident. Most eccentric is its course. At first it pushes forward as with the most unconquerable determination to be an ideally straight line, then it dives downward, growing steeper and steeper, now helping itself by time-shattered steps of rough limestone, now plunging so precipitately that it seems seeking the centre of things; then it crooks abruptly to the right; then, with a graceful curve, it bends on itself to the left; then it ascends by more steps and more steeps; and, finally, when the traveler is just about questioning whether a retreat is not the only means of avoiding chronic dislocation of joints and obliquity of eyes through excess of tortuosity, he suddenly discovers that his troubles are over and he has no farther to go—if it is Blinker's Court he's seeking. At this moment he will find himself in a square open space, perhaps ten or twelve rods across, and his first impression will be that a remarkably large number of first-floor doors are condensed into a remarkably small compass on each of the four sides of the quadrangle. Red brick walls, rising to the height of five stories and a garret, make the place sombre as the bottom of a well, save at exact noon; and as a consequence of this fact, vegetation does not flourish with tropical luxuriance in Blinker's Court. It is full June, all lavish of living green and pink, and time would fail to tell what other glories out of the infinite summer-thesaurus of dyes and forms; but Blinker's Court has not, will not become aware of it. Sole representative of the vegetable kingdom, grows up, in the midst of a broad stone platform in the centre of the place, an old, rheumatic, and altogether diseased pump. Its fungous and honey-combed tap-root it plunges downward into a dark abyss, where, beneath gases which, were there any vent through which they could be caught, it would puzzle a chemist to analyze, lies festering all the year round, and irredescent on the surface but for the darkness; a pool of wicked liquid leached through the gravel of the court from emptied dish kettles, tubs, and all unlovelier utensils, and blaspheming the holy name of water. Hebdomadally, another interesting characteristic is added to this delightful retreat by the recurrence of wash-day, and the whole glimpse of sky and breath of air vouchsafed in more favorable seasons to the lower lodgers on Blinker's Court is intersected by lines drawn from each window to its opposite neighbor, upon which the mutually helpful inhabitants of the place dry their own multifarious garments, and permit their *vis-à-vis* to dry; which, on such occasions, cause the atmosphere of Blinker's Court to assume the appearance of a snow-storm of clothes magically arrested *in transitu*.

There is a Blinker's Court in every man's life; some place, inside of his heart or outside—close on the verge of his daily business, but perfectly deaf to the tumult of it—out of ear-shot, out of eye-shot, quite a little cavern in a rock, though accessible from loud, storming life at a moment's notice, and by some such tortuous alley as led to this place.

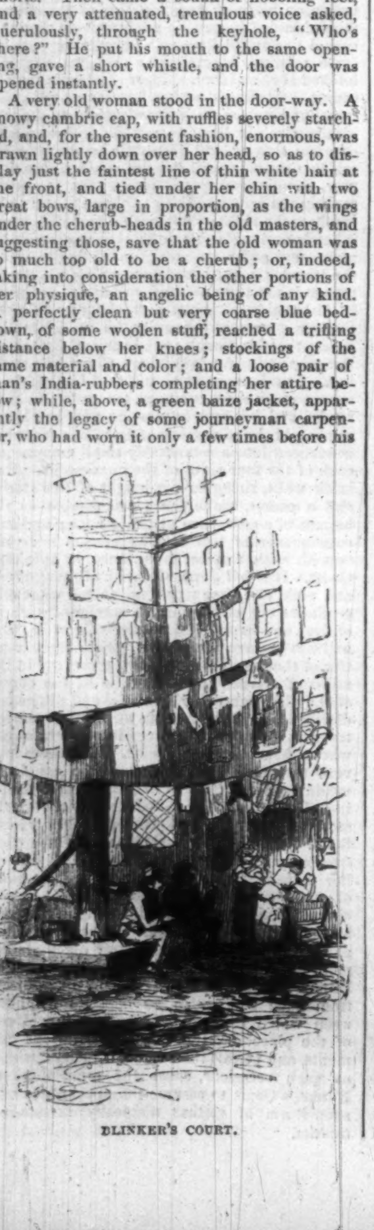
But every body is not so fortunate as to have *his* Blinker's Court and the real, old original one coincide. This was the case with the favored superintendent of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. And thitherward, after his unexpected departure from the room of Mr. John Manton, on the afternoon whose history was given in our last chapter, did Mr. Luke Green bend his way. Had walls ears, the walls of that alley might have heard more objections made to their crookedness, and that quality of them consigned to more unpleasant destinies, than ever before since they stood. It was as if Mr. Green's mind was accessible only by a slow match, the external end of which had been lit by his cavalier treatment from Mr. Manton, the inner end being just now reached, with a result direly incendiary and explosive. Little pebbles, in themselves of no consequence, went squirring away from Mr. Green's foot as far as they could in any one direction without hitting an angle. The earth beneath, which could not be squirred or stirred, was kicked rather than trodden on by him; and as he emerged into the open square of Blinker's Court he looked up at the arrested storm of clothes which darkened heaven—for it was wash-day in Blinker's—as if he wished his eye were a meat-knife, and he could run its edge back and forth once or twice over each of those lines.

Toward Number 3 he made his way with a directness that proved him no stranger—dodging, with a half-suppressed oath, between moist sheets and garments having lower limbs—through a group of old women who attended around the pump to assist the said clothes to dry—among kneeling urchins, whose marbles he knocked out of the ring in so adroit a manner as to explain the admiration with which they asked if he wouldn't like to come back and try it over again—and finally opened the door bearing the number which he sought, passing in without any forewarning of bell or rap. He mounted a narrow and almost perpendicular staircase, which faced him as he came in, and at the top of the third flight passed along the entry to its farther end, and knocked on the greasy panel of an old and much battered door opening on the right hand. Knocked again, and tried the knob. The door was locked.

"The devil!" said Luke Green. "Her ears grow worse and worse!"

Whereupon he began playing a reveille with both fists, until his knuckles smarted, and the door communicated its jar to the partitions. He heard a rustling inside, and redoubled his efforts. Then came a sound of hobbling feet, and a very attenuated, tremulous voice asked, querulously, through the keyhole, "Who's there?" He put his mouth to the same opening, gave a short whistle, and the door was opened instantly.

A very old woman stood in the door-way. A snowy cambric cap, with ruffles severely starched, and, for the present fashion, enormous, was drawn lightly down over her head, so as to display just the faintest line of thin white hair at the front, and tied under her chin with two great bows, large in proportion, as the wings under the cherub-heads in the old masters, and suggesting those, save that the old woman was so much too old to be a cherub; or, indeed, taking into consideration the other portions of her physique, an angelic being of any kind. A perfectly clean but very coarse blue bed-gown, of some woolen stuff, reached a trifling distance below her knees; stockings of the same material and color; and a loose pair of man's India-rubbers completing her attire below; while, above, a green baize jacket, apparently the legacy of some journeyman carpenter, who had worn it only a few times before his decease, hung loosely on her shoulders. But the most curious part of her, as of all people worth five minutes' examination, was her face. Her eyes, black as jet, but sunken till they seemed no larger than pin-heads, lay, each like a crafty little spider, perdu at the centre of its cobweb of converging wrinkles; and as they turned upon Luke Green, looked just ready to leap out and spring back again with a fly in their claws. Her nose extended in a perfectly straight line forward and downward, making an angle sharp as the beak of a goldfinch as it returned toward the lip, and had a suspicious air, a look of inspection about it that made one feel uncomfortable who had any family secrets—a real pick-lock, probing sort of a nose it was. To these graces add a long upper lip, with a not invisible grizzled mustache, and a short, square chin, with an evident muscular possibility of bite in it, and the old woman is drawn who opened the door for Luke Green.



BLINKER'S COURT.

"I didn't know as I ever *should* get in," said the Bank superintendent, in a reproachful tone.

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey—the impatient boy he was! Couldn't he wait just one minute for the poor old woman to wake up, and give her eyes one little rub, before she opened the door? It might be pickpockets—it might be highway robbers. Then, again, it might be arson, or somebody wanting to come in and commit burglary. Or it might be murder—*murder*, Lukey! Just think of that—and poor old mother here all alone! There's that box under the bed to think of. It's all yours—every bit on't—when the old woman's gone. Come in, Lukey—come in, boy—come and sit down with his mother, that's a dear, and take a little bite and sup. Come, Lukey!"

While she said this she drew him into the room and locked the door after her.

It was a very neat room, but furnished no more expensively than the room which serves as kitchen, parlor, and bedchamber is usually furnished among the better class of poor. Luke Green drew two chairs into the middle of the room, and handing the one which had arms and a cushion to the old woman, took the other himself.

"Well, mother," he began, "I've had trouble enough since I saw you. When was it I was here last? Let's see—oh yes, to-morrow week was the last time. Well, since that day I've had vexations enough to make a man want to get out of the earth—any where, almost. Vexation on top of vexation!"

"Poor Lukey! poor Lukey! who's been a-hurting my boy now? I never let 'em do it; I never did. Don't you remember when you used to go to the old stone school-house, just across the brook from where we lived, by the big chestnut-tree—oh, those *were* chestnuts they used to get off that tree! You don't see any thing like 'em now. What was I talking about? Oh, I was saying something about the school-house. Well, don't you remember how you took their slate-pencils once, and hooked their rosy-cheeked apples another time? Oh you little rogue! What boys were they? Oh, they were Joe Burril's boy and Jim Spence's, and they began to lick you. Don't you remember how I came out with the churn-dasher, and the way I put it round their shoulders! It was right out in front of our house—saucy little brats! I gave it to 'em! I'd just been churning; I could make butter then—such butter! Dear! those *were* times! But that must be thirty-six years ago come next August. I didn't let them hurt my Lukey! They sha'n't hurt my Lukey now. I won't let 'em! Who's been a-doing it, Lukey? Tell your old mother!"

Luke Green sat thinking for a moment after his mother had finished these words, either having been absorbed in something else, or thinking she had more to say; and then, bringing down his fist on the elbow of the chair she sat in so violently that she started, he exclaimed, fiercely,

"I believe I shall lose that girl; and if I do, then—I'm lost!"

"Lost, Lukey—lost! why, what do you mean? Haven't you got *me* to come to? Won't there always be a home for you in this old heart, Lukey, till it stops a-beating, here in Blinker's Court—"

"D—n Blinker's Court!" said Luke Green, angrily.

"There's worse places than Blinker's Court, a great deal. Oh, Blinker's Court isn't a bad place, only there are plenty of neighbors."

"Never mind about Blinker's Court, mother. Just listen to me for a minute. I came to Cheswick to take care of Clingham's Bank—"

"So you did! so you did! I always knew you would rise, Lukey."

"Can you stop and let me talk? Or would you like to keep on? I can wait till another time."

The old woman shook her head in a deprecating manner, put her hand over her mouth, and Luke Green continued:

"As I said, I came here to be head of the Bank. As you too said, I did rise. It was a rise that I had earned, if ever man did, by working like the devil in a soul-trying, brain-racking business for other people. I was glad to come here, for a good many reasons. One was that it made me head of something, after having been all degrees from the other end up. Another was that I liked to be by you. And another was this girl."

"Oh Lukey, Lukey! you're in love, Lukey!"

"Love to the devil! Do you think me a calf? You know why I ever thought of her. If it hadn't been for you I never would have bothered *my* head if she'd been knocked on *hers*. I'm not a woman's man, I fancy. D—n them, they've always been a curse! They're always bound to be a vexation to somebody till the world ends! But never mind; I'll go on. Let me paint the picture of my life for the last three years. You begin by telling me to put in for that girl. I ask why? You answer that her name is not Nora Manton; it is really Nora Clingham. I am surprised, of course. I ask you how you know—why you think so?"

"Lukey, Lukey, hain't I told you a thousand times how I know so!"

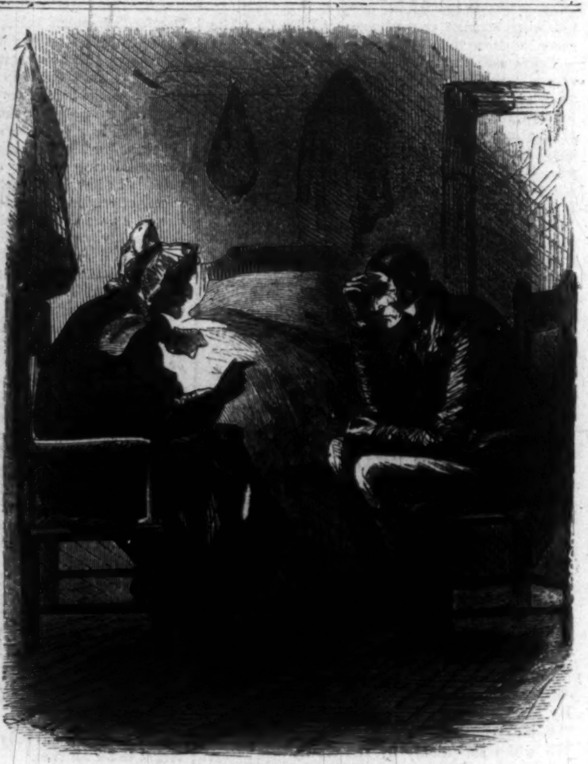
"I didn't ask the question over again; I only said I asked it once."

"Asked it once, Lukey, boy! You've asked it fifty—hundred—thousand times! And now I'll tell ye again. It does seem as if you never could believe me; but I'll tell ye once more, and this is the last time."

"I wish to God it might be! I'm tired enough of hearing it."

"Don't make any rash prayers, my son; no good ever comes of it. It may be the last time, and then you'd be sorry you'd ha' said it. But I'll tell you all about it."

Like a man who sees no way to leap over a stream, and braces himself to go through it, Luke Green prepared himself to hear the inevitable story, which his mother hardly exaggerated in saying she now told him for the thousandth time. With a dogged expression on his mouth, his right elbow resting on his left palm, and with the disengaged hand shading a pair of very sullen eyes, he simply said to his mother, "Go on, and get through."



"GO ON, AND GET THROUGH."

THE STEAMER "PEYTONA."

WE present herewith an engraving of the steamer *Peytona*, of the Louisville and New Orleans packet line: a new boat, and one which is attracting attention in the West. We take the following description of her from a Louisville paper:

"Her draught of water light, and in trim, is barely 3½ feet. She has state room accommodations for 120 passengers, in addition to which the texas can accommodate thirty more with rooms as good as those in the cabin. The outfit of the cabin is rich and unique, consisting of Brussels and tapestry carpets, lace curtains, and rich drapery for all the ladies' rooms, together with fine linens, splendid table covers, costly curtains, beautiful oil-cloths, etc.

"The *Peytona* was built expressly for the trade between Louisville and New Orleans, and especial attention has been paid to the accommodation of passengers and arrangements for live stock, as her guards are covered in, and the deck room is commodious. Her capacity for freight is equal to the burden of 1000 tons of freight, with her guards clear of the water. The hull is well fastened, with an easy model and ample power to make her a fast boat. The dimensions are as follow: Length over all, 268 feet, with 38 feet beam and 8 feet depth of hold, all well fastened. Her motive power is ample and well applied, working an immense water-wheel with over 14 feet length of buckets. The cylinders are each 27 inches in diameter, with 9 feet stroke, and 5 boilers 32 feet long and 42 inches in diameter. Her chimneys stand 63 feet high from the hurricane deck. She is furnished with a steam freight hoister, steam capstan, and all the late improvements.

"The cabin, one of the most beautiful on the river, has fifty-two state rooms. Every state room in the after cabin contains, in addition to the berths, a trundle bed for the use of children, which will make her a very desirable boat for families. They are furnished with spring mattresses, linen sheets and linen pillow-cases, wash-stands, wardrobes, bureaus, and every thing complete. Beyond the ladies' cabin is a fine promenade, which is made comfortable by a stove. Below the ladies' cabin is the nursery, which contains rooms for sixteen persons."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.—*Continued.*

MY music lessons with Mrs. Otcheson were commenced at once; and, according to her account, I made astonishing progress. I was surprised at myself, and began to feel almost as great an affection for the piano as though it had been a living idol.

Mr. Pendleigh was sometimes present at these lessons, and sometimes he was otherwise engaged. Mrs. Otcheson frequently called to him to come and note my improvement, and sometimes his voice, a magnificent bass, lent volume to our singing; but his manner to me was quite distant and respectful, and his mood one of settled melancholy.

I had seen very few different characters, and Mr. Pendleigh was a sort of enigma that I often found myself studying. But if I looked toward him I was sure to catch those deep eyes fixed upon me, and the glance rendered me uncomfortable.

On my birthday a handsome piano awaited me—a gift from Mr. Winneslie; and this thoughtful kindness, together with the possession of so coveted a treasure, fairly brought the tears to my eyes.

I drummed upon it almost from morning to night; and I doubt if *prima donna* ever had a more admiring audience than those crude performances found in my husband.

Mr. Pendleigh came frequently to the Parsonage; sometimes to be closeted with Mr. Winneslie, and sometimes he was laughingly turned over to me. Sometimes Mrs. Otcheson accompanied him, and we rambled over the country, and sat down in the woods, where Mr. Pendleigh read to us, or repeated long poems, with which his memory seemed inexhaustibly stored. His voice was deep and thrilling; and I have frequently turned aside to conceal the tears called forth by passages from "Marmion," which never struck me before with such touching beauty.

Gradually my thoughts of Mr. Pendleigh became softened; I felt for him a mingling of pity and admiration that wore off my restraint in his presence; and I liked to talk with him, although our opinions were very often at variance.

I argued with him about my beloved Church with more enthusiasm, probably, than judgment; for Mr. Pendleigh would smile good-humoredly, but appear still unconvinced. During one of these discussions he handed me a slip of paper, on which he had written:

"The *country* is God's 'ancient Church,'
His house not made with hands;
Where every part in perfect grace
And sweet accordance stands."

This did very well, I thought, as far as it went; but seeing that I made very little impression on Mr. Pendleigh's judgment, I concluded that Mr. Winneslie was better fitted to wrestle with him on questions of theology.

He had the utmost confidence, he said, in *our* goodness; he wished that he was half as deserving; but he had been peculiarly situated, and it was therefore no wonder if he had peculiar views. And then he would gracefully dismiss the subject, as a matter of small moment after all, and turn to the pages of poetry that seemed to have so much greater attractions for him.

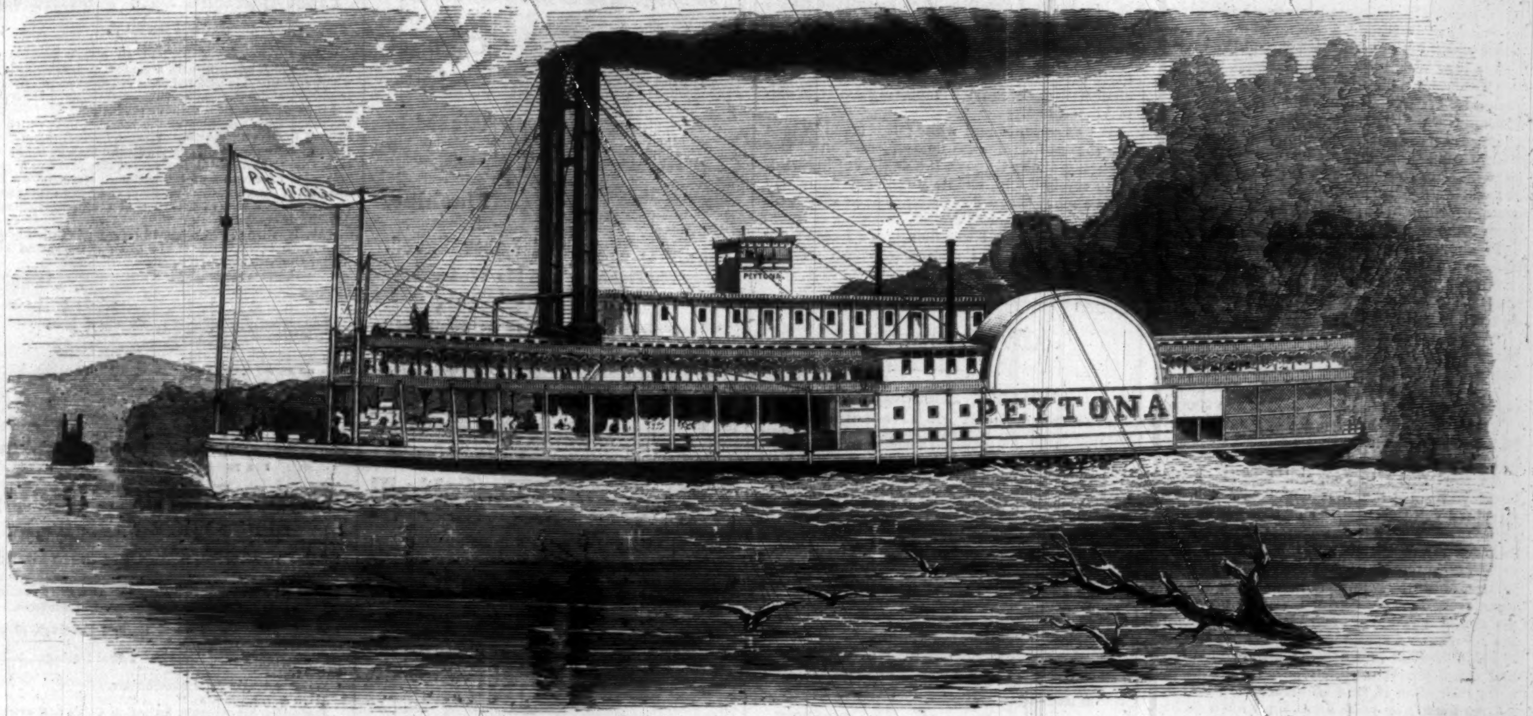
Mrs. Otcheson said that she never could feel sufficiently grateful to me—I was a perfect windfall; I amused Oscar so much, and drew him off, poor fellow! from the contemplation of his misfortune. He was so much improved since he had known me. And now she had something very delightful to propose! They were going to take a little trip to the sea-shore with the children, and if I and Mr. Winneslie would join their party it would give them the greatest possible pleasure.

The sea-shore! I had never seen it; I wondered what it looked like! I was half wild to go; and I ran to Mr. Winneslie to divulge the plan in quite a paroxysm of excitement. "It would do us all so much good," Mrs. Otcheson said.

My husband replied, with an indulgent smile, that "he was good enough already, as far as health went; but, from my flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, *I* must be very much out of order, and therefore I had better take the prescription alone."

"Not *alone!*" I repeated, with a sudden conviction of the dreariness of the word. "I *can't* go alone!"

"Then you really dislike to leave your old husband?" as he drew me up to his chair.



THE STEAMER "PEYTONA."—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

"The very thought has taken the light from your eyes and the color from your cheek."

I could see that he was pleased at my unwillingness to leave him; and a half smile broke forth at the probable result of my application.

"Do you know, Fairy," he continued, "that you are getting to be a very dissipated little woman? We have had music, poetry, and moonlight walks; and now you must go to the sea-shore, like Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith. I expect that, next, you'll be applying to me for a set of diamonds!"

"You don't expect any such thing!" I exclaimed, pettishly, for I was impatient to have him say "Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Winneslie, as he kissed the incipient pout from my lips, "you may tell Mrs. Otcheson that she can have you for a few weeks, without the incumbrance she had dreaded. I can not leave Meadowbrook, except for a day or two—but I will take an occasional trip to see you."

I was only half-satisfied with this; but my husband declared that the sea-air was just what I needed—I had looked rather pale and languid lately; and as he did *not* need it, he couldn't be excused for leaving his post.

So it was all settled, and Mr. Winneslie's absence was looked upon as a very reasonable thing.

Mrs. Otcheson said, laughingly, that she thought she should pass me off as a young lady, a cousin of hers, who had just made her *début* in society. They all laughed at the idea; but I thought of my husband alone there at the Parsonage, and did not feel quite satisfied.

But all other feelings were soon absorbed in the delight of the new scene that opened upon me. How I loved the white, pebbly shore that seemed stretching away into regions of unknown space—the rising and falling waves—the deep, musical *roar* that reverberated from the fathomless waste!

Mrs. Otcheson was amused at my delight, and said that "I was a perfect *child;*" but Mr. Pendleigh looked at me half envyingly that I could enter thus fresh and unsophisticated into what appeared to him a very commonplace scene.

From the dancing, dressing, flirting crowd inside I shrank in nervous embarrassment; and it was absolutely painful to me to enter the confused dining-room, where Mrs. Otcheson seemed perfectly at her ease. Hosts of acquaintances came thronging about her; and as in some instances she laughingly carried out her proposed intention of passing me off as an unsophisticated young relative, the surmises afloat respecting me were various and contradictory. I had attained to the dignity of twenty-one years, but people declared that I scarcely looked seventeen; and some persisted in considering me a school-girl, emancipated for a few weeks from thralldom.

Again, it was reported that I was the bride-elect of Mr. Pendleigh; a theory favored, perhaps, by our being continually together, for had not my husband given him to me as a sort of charge? I looked upon him now with most friendly eyes; and many a pleasant ramble we took on the sands, accompanied, generally, by the merry troop of children, running before or behind us, while Mrs. Otcheson dispensed smiles and honeyed words in the drawing-room.

I had not been gone long before Mr. Winneslie followed me. It was very surprising, he said, that he could not do without me, when Mimè made him twice as comfortable as I did, and the Parsonage was so still now, that he could write without the least interruption.

"But I don't like the stillness, Fairy," said he, "and I thought that if I did not come to look after you, you might perhaps get into mischief."

His stay was very short, though; the noise, he said, disturbed him, and he went back to his books.

Mr. Pendleigh had queer, wild moods sometimes, that made me think him a little crazy. He would start abruptly and leave me, or watch my movements to such a degree that I became uncomfortably conscious of his fixed gaze. I even wondered if it were not dangerous for him to be so near the sea, fearing that, in some strange mood, he might plunge in.

We had walked down on the sea-shore one evening, and he began to talk so wildly that I became frightened. He spoke of fearful destinies, and said that he felt convinced, from his hitherto miserable life, that some dark fate was in store for him—one plunge would end it all—why had not the thing created a right to give back its life into the Creator's hands?

I trembled with an undefined fear, and placed my hand on his arm to restrain him. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as my fingers touched him he turned his face to me with a look that startled me.

I could not explain that glance, but it made me uneasy; and I was withdrawing my hand, when my other arm was suddenly seized, and I turned to face my husband.

Mr. Winneslie had arrived unexpectedly, and come out on the beach in search of me. Without a word he drew my hand through his arm, and walked off at a rapid pace.

"Fairy," said he, at length, "this is no place for you—we must go home. I have been thoughtless in exposing you to such influences."

I did not say a word upon the subject, partly from fright, and partly from pride that my husband should fancy me so weak as to be led away, even in appearance, from the path of right; and when we reached our room I quietly began putting up my things, while Mr. Winneslie leaned his head upon his hand and sighed.

I had wondered what they would think of our abrupt departure, but Mrs. Otcheson took it very smilingly; it was quite natural, she said, that Mr. Winneslie should become impatient and take us, at length, by surprise; she was rather tired of the place herself, and would soon follow us.

Mr. Pendleigh shook hands with us very cordially, and seemed quite unconscious of any reason for our abrupt departure. Possibly Mr. Winneslie thought that he had been too hasty; for he took leave with his usual kindness, and we were soon established again at the Parsonage.

"My birdling must not leave her nest again, unless accompanied by me," said my husband, as he welcomed me home.

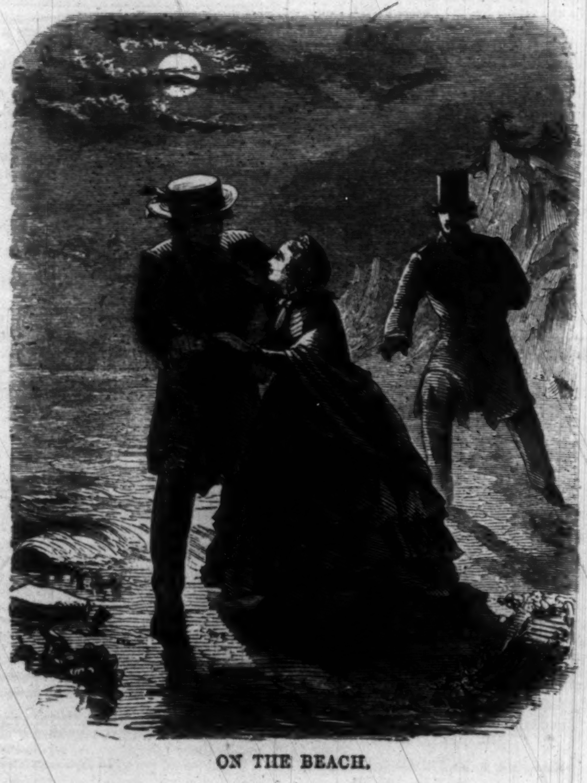
I said nothing; but I could not help thinking that my jaunt to the sea-shore had not been so productive of pleasure as I expected.

When the Otchesons returned, Mr. Winneslie said that I had better not resume the music-lessons; he was afraid that perhaps spending so much time there led me to neglect others.

"I will never go there again if you do not wish it," said I, with an injured feeling.

"Oh no," replied my husband, "go there the same as ever—there is no reason why you should avoid them—only don't spend quite so much time there as you have been in the habit of doing; it gives people occasion to talk."

It seemed to me that there was a coldness between us which Mr. Winneslie did not choose to explain, and of which I was too proud to complain. He was kind still, but he was not exactly the husband of former days; and I began to fear that he looked upon me as that despicable character, a married flirt. I did not know then how his ears had been poisoned by those hangers-on who always abound at watering-places. While I was awaiting in dignified silence an explanation from *him*, he expected an explanation from *me;* and I passed lonely hours at my piano, while my husband shut himself up in his study.



ON THE BEACH.

Whenever I caught Mr. Winneslie's eye it was fixed upon me with a sad expression; and I began to be afraid of him, for Arethusa had feared that these prolonged fits of melancholy might bring on insanity.

When Mrs. Otcheson returned her first visit was paid to me; and she appeared both surprised and disappointed when I told her that Mr. Winneslie thought there was no longer any occasion for me to trouble her with my musical education, as I could now practice at home, and already accompanied myself in his favorite songs well enough to please his not critical ear.

I could not understand her dismay. She had hoped, she said, that our little musical gatherings would interest Oscar, who had often threatened to go to Europe; and as she did not consider it safe for him to go alone, and it was not then convenient for her to accompany him, she endeavored to amuse him as much as possible at home.

I said that I wondered he had not gone before; for a person of wealth and refinement, without any employment, nothing could be more natural; but Mrs. Otcheson was evidently not pleased with these remarks, and changed the subject as soon as possible.

"A *sister*," said she, with emphasis, "feels very differently; but let us talk of something else. If you are no longer to take music-lessons, don't, pray, desert us altogether, or Meadowbrook will become insupportable; for you know that we consider you and Mr. Winneslie the only civilized portion of the population."

I willingly acceded to her request to "run over often," for I felt an unusual weight of loneliness; and when Mrs. Otcheson and her feathers had disappeared in the distance, I sat there in the little parlor buried in a profitless reverie.

I was unhappy and wicked; and instead of saying, "I will arise and go to my Father," I sat feeding my imagination with forbidden fancies. My husband no longer cared for me; I was an unloved wife; and it *might* have been so different! Perhaps, had I remained in my humble position of school-teacher, *free* as before I saw Mr. Winneslie, I might—

One Sunday, to my great surprise, Mr. Pendleigh was at church. His manner was so reverential and subdued that Mr. Winneslie remarked it with much pleasure.

"Perhaps, Fairy, your counsels have not been in vain," said my husband, with the old smile; "but I began to fear that Mr. Pendleigh might not attend so much to the teaching as to the *teacher*. I hope that I have not done him injustice; but old men are always jealous, you know."

I was so perfectly firm in my own strength that I had no sympathy for my husband's weakness; and something like contempt rose in my heart when he spoke of Mr. Pendleigh.

Mr. Winneslie saw it, and the next day, when Mrs. Otcheson called in her phaeton, driven by her brother, for me to take a drive, he urged my acceptance of the invitation.

With a significant glance at my husband I had proudly declined, but Mrs. Otcheson persevered. It would do me good, she said—I looked pale—would soon return, etc.; and Mr. Winneslie insisted so pertinaciously upon my going that I did not dare to refuse.

I threw a black lace mantilla over my head, and Mr. Winneslie having put a warm shawl in the carriage, we were soon whirling along at a rapid pace. The fresh air was invigorating, the motion delightful, and my elastic spirits rose at once. I felt gay and mischievous; my cheeks burned with excitement; and Mrs. Otcheson exclaimed that I made the prettiest and most romantic picture she had seen in a long while.

At this Mr. Pendleigh turned to survey me; and I blushed and laughed as I said that I had forgotten to label myself, "Eyes off!"

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed her brother, suddenly, "didn't you intend stopping at one of these queer places for something to satisfy the coarser demands of nature?"

"Yes," she replied; "and of course we have passed it! The children will never forgive me if I don't bring their 'round-hearts.' There is a man out here"—turning to me—"who keeps a little cake-shop, and makes excellent round-hearts. The children, who are not accustomed to luxuries, declare that 'round-hearts are good enough for *any* body;' and I promised to bring them some to-day."

The horses were turned around, and the cake-shop hunted up.

"Don't get out," said Mrs. Otcheson, as I prepared to follow her; "it is such a little place; and you will only soil your dress."

"We will take a turn up the road," called out Mr. Pendleigh, "while you are making your bargains."

Mrs. Otcheson nodded her head, and pushed vigorously against the little door of the shop.

I felt uneasy, I knew not why; nor was this feeling lessened when Mr. Pendleigh seized my hand and exclaimed, imperiously,

"I *must* speak to you, and I *will!* I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and imagined you the daughter of that prematurely old man. What but the perverse fate that has followed my footsteps from the cradle gave you to *him? I* would have surrounded you with wealth, luxuries, and refinements; watched your every look; enshrined you as my brightest gem in a casket of magnificence; you should not have known a wish ungratified; and *now*—"

I felt like one in a dream; his violence terrified me. Mr. Winneslie's pale face, with that stern look upon it, rose up before me; and had it been for life or death I could not have spoken. Mr. Pendleigh was encouraged by my silence to proceed:

"Do not judge me too harshly, *Ernestine*—how often have I repeated that name when alone! You see before you an unfortunate man, the constant victim of a designing sister. You look surprised. She acts well her part, does she not?—this scheming, *loving* Gabrielle! She has been an accomplished actress ever since she could walk. In the bloom of her early girlhood she sacrificed her youth, beauty, and purity on the unhallowed shrine of the Juggernaut, GOLD; and when my misfortune—caused by the carelessness of an uncle—was repaid, as he considered, by leaving me his fortune, Gabrielle became suddenly roused to my welfare, and took me under her especial charge. She feared that a *wife* might interfere with the claims of her children upon their rich uncle, and she watched me with a vigilance that never slumbered. I saw through this; but I remembered that she was my *sister*, and I could not determine to cut myself off from my only relative. A kind fate threw *you* in her way; you were young, beautiful, and *married*, therefore a perfectly safe tool for her to use against all dangerous fancies. You were surprised that I addressed you as '*Miss* Winneslie' in the early part of our acquaintance—that was part of Gabrielle's plan; she wished to keep me in ignorance of your position until my affections were engaged beyond all power of recalling them; *then* she could smile at all danger from manœuvring mammas or beautiful daughters. With *me* it has succeeded but too well; and *you*, Ernestine? You are pale and sad of late—"

He stopped suddenly, for my eyes were fixed, as with a spell, upon an approaching figure that I recognized but too well.

The carriage had rested by the roadside when out of sight of the shop; but Mr. Pendleigh, with a fierce expression of defiance, as though the appearance of Mr. Winneslie had maddened him, urged the horses forward, still retaining a tight grasp upon my powerless hand.

Varied pictures flashed before me in that half-trance: Mrs. Otcheson's heartless duplicity; the insult of Mr. Pendleigh's avowal; the cold *set* expression of my husband's face; a future lifetime of wretchedness.

Mr. Winneslie had seized the horses and stopped the carriage. I heard his voice, as he addressed Mr. Pendleigh:

"To you, Sir, I have nothing to say. Read the parable of the ewe-lamb, and your own conscience will make the application."

I was insensible, and he lifted me out in his arms.

When I recovered I was sitting in a countryman's wagon with my head leaning on my husband's shoulder. I raised my eyes to his face, but I was frightened, and closed them again with a shudder. I relapsed into unconsciousness; and when I opened my eyes again I recognized the road as the one leading to Hog's Point. I knew not what was in store for me; and I felt so weak from the late excitement, and the days of unhappiness which had preceded it, that I cared very little what became of me. It was a silent drive of two or three hours; my husband's face was rigid, and his eyes studiously avoided mine.

Arethusa had seen the vehicle in the distance; and she stood at the gate, her face shaded by a huge sun-bonnet, peering out at the travelers.

"Well, I declare!" was her salutation, "I should as soon have expected to see you drive up in a wheel-barrow, or on a wooden rocking-horse! Whatever possessed you to come in *this* style? How pale you look, Fairy!" and my sister-in-law bustled around, untying my bonnet-strings, shaking up a cushion and depositing me upon a sofa.

I glanced appealingly at Mr. Winneslie.

"Ernestine is not well," said he, "and I have brought her to you, in hopes that the change may do her good."

Arethusa said that was all right; but I read in this speech a painful significance, and I hastily brushed off the two large tears that rolled down my cheeks.

After tea Arethusa took me up stairs to "the spare-room," where my comfort had been tenderly cared for; and I sank down into an easy-chair with queer fancies respecting the high, old-fashioned bed.

It was so large and white; it seemed to take the shape of a trackless field of snow, and I was plunging madly through the drifts, calling wildly to my husband, but he would not come and rescue me. Then I experienced the sleepiness so often described as the last sensation of freezing; I knew that I was dying, but I could not rouse myself; and I gradually drifted off into the dread expanse.

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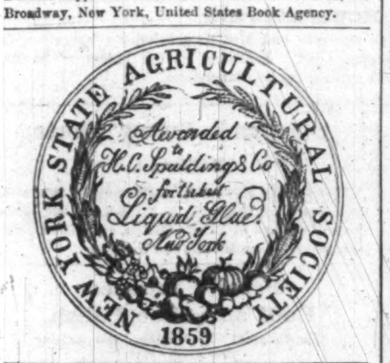
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